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PEARSON'S £100 COUNSEL
No. 6. February 8, 1896.
P.W. P.W.

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WEEKLY

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No. 290.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

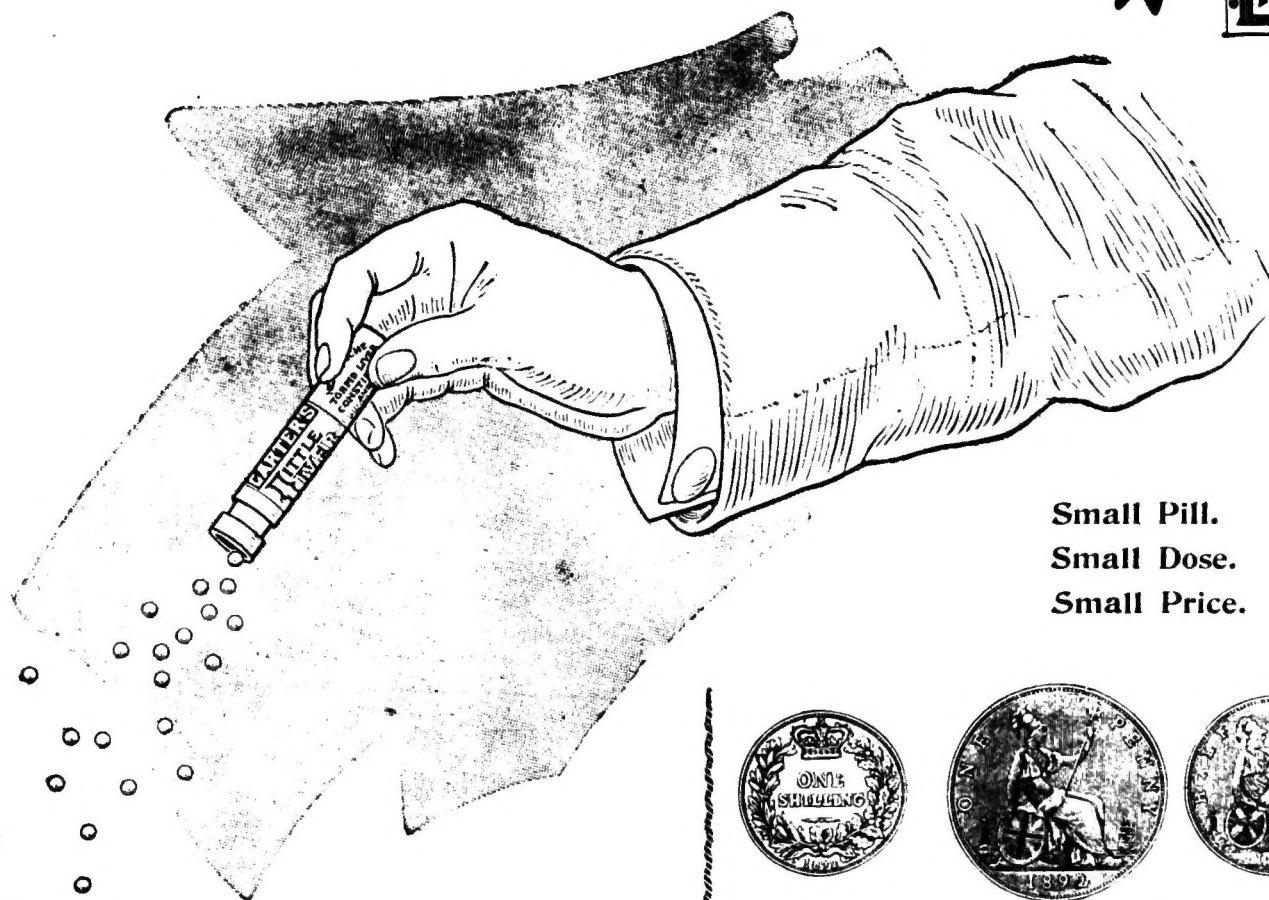
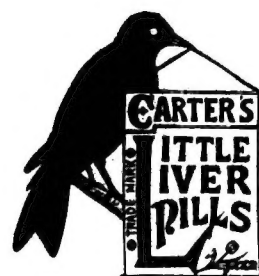
WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

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Trimmed Black or Cream Braid.

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Prices 1/9 2/3 2/9 3/3 3/9 4/3 4/9 5/3 each.

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Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Asiatic Cholera, Colic, Gout,

and all Fevers.

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11s., and 20s. per bottle.

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N.B.—Lord Chancellor Selborne, Lord Justice

James, and Lord Justice Melish decided in favour of

Freeman's Original Chlorodyne, and against

Brown and Davenport, compelling them to pay all

costs in the suit. See Times of July 24, 1873.

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Gift. Write for particulars at once, you will be more

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HEADACHE; in-

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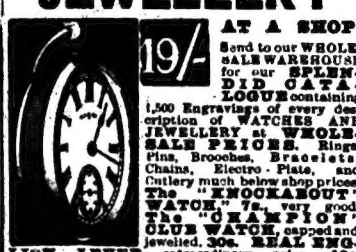
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FOR PAINS IN THE CHEST! FOR PAINS IN THE BACK!

FOR PAINS ANYWHERE, AND PAINS EVERYWHERE!!!

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Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with

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CHARCOAL

In Bottles, 2s., 4s., and 6s.

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In Tins, 1s. 1/4d.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Invaluable in Indigestion and all dis-

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The Medical Profession not only con-

tinue to recommend this old-established

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE IS

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Is absolutely Pure.

Imparts a Gloss to the Hair.

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TO INTEREST.
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 290.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

AN OCEAN LULLABY.

We are drifting, drifting, drifting—idly falling, idly lifting;
Rocking dreamily between the sea and sky,
While the lightly tossing spray musically seems to say:
"Lullaby, weary ones, lullaby."

And the loving mother ocean lends her music to our motion,
For the coral choirs are singing in their caves,
And the softly passing breeze plays upon the silver keys
Of the waves.

How the waters, lapping, lapping, mingle with the sleepy flapping,
With the soft, caressing motion of the sails,
While we safely rock and rest, for we know our mother's breast
Never fails.

We are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, in our mighty mother's keeping,
In our dewy cradle out beneath the sky;
As we rock and float along, ever comes the dreamy song
Wandering by, "Weary ones, lullaby."

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

In a recent book of memoirs a good story is told of the American Civil War.

At the surrender of Lee's army, when the General in command determined to send a flag of truce to General Sheridan, he summoned Major Hunter of his staff and ordered him to carry a flag of truce forward.

"General, I have no flag of truce," replied Major Hunter.

"Get one," said the General curtly.

"General," he replied, "we have no flag of truce in our command."

"Take your handkerchief and put it on a stick and go forward."

"I have no handkerchief, General."

"Borrow one and go forward with it."

"General, there is not a handkerchief belonging to the staff."

"Then, Major, use your shirt."

"You see, General, that we all have on flannel shirts."

At last one man was found who still had a white shirt; a part of it was torn off, and with this remarkable emblem tied on a stick the Major went forward towards the enemy's lines.

NAPOLEON AS A GAMBLER.

LORD HOLLAND relates in his memoirs how once the military career of Napoleon I., and therewith to a certain extent the fate of Europe, depended upon a game of hazard.

When Napoleon was appointed for the first time as an independent commanding general of the Italian army, the Directory then at the head of France was not willing, or perhaps not able, to provide enough money to defray the expenses of himself and his lieutenants to the seat of war and make a proper show as Commanding General of so considerable an army at its headquarters. Napoleon borrowed money from his friends, and after exhausting all his credit succeeded in collecting 20,000 francs.

He gave the whole amount to Junot, a young officer who was known as a frequent visitor to the gaming tables with instructions to lose the whole sum at the game or to win enough to return the amount doubled, as upon the result would depend whether he could accept the appointment as Commanding General of the Italian forces, and also appoint Junot as his adjutant, a step which he already contemplated.

Junot went as ordered. Napoleon waited almost the whole night for his return. Finally, at four o'clock in morning, the officer entered and gave Napoleon 65,000 francs with the remark that he had gambled away nearly the whole sum of 20,000 francs before he had at last succeeded in winning several high stakes in succession.

Then Napoleon accepted the appointment, which was destined to confer the highest glory upon him. Junot became one of his Marshals.

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MOUSTACHES AMONG WOMEN.

A LEARNED German scientist makes the astonishing announcement that among women moustaches are commoner at the present time than they used to be in the past. In Constantinople one out of every ten women have unmistakable evidences of down on their upper lips.

A similar proportion of moustached women is to be noticed among ladies in Madrid. And in Philadelphia a physician in cold blood has observed that fully three per cent. of the women are moustached. What do these facts indicate?

A certain Mr. Mott thinks they indicate the improvement of the human race, for, according to his theory, the race is destined eventually to be completely covered with hair.

A QUESTION OF CONTRAST.

"HOT, sir!" said the engine-driver with what might have been either a shiver or a shrug. "No, sir, I don't call *this* hot; warm, maybe, but hot, no!"

"Well," I panted, "I should like to know what you would call hot if this is only warm. Why, here's the mercury climbing up into the hundred and twenties, the leaves are scorching on the trees, and there isn't a breath of wind or a drop of cool water on earth. Really, I don't think you'll find much hotter weather than this—at least, not in this world."

"But I have had it," he said a trifle testily, as though he didn't quite like the allusion. "Why, I was driving an engine once on a stretch of line in South America where it was so hot that we used to throw the furnace door open and stand close up to it so as to get that side of us cool—cool by contrast, sir. Good-day!"

Then he sauntered off whistling softly, and climbed into the cab of his engine presumably to have a warm.

FROM COOK TO PREMIER.

THE son of a cook is now Premier of Austria. His name is Cassimir Felix Badeni, and thus far in life he has basked in the sunshine of fortune's smile. His luck began two years before he was born, when his father, who had been a very good cook to one of the last kings of Poland, was created a count. The title was at the time an empty honour, for the distinguished chef had so little money that he could not live with the necessary dignity.

For a time it looked as though his two sons would be compelled to toil for a living, but luck again came to their rescue. Their mother's brother, Count Mier, had married the famous German actress, Anna Wierer, and this childless lady became so attached to the two Badeni boys that, when death rang the curtain down upon the last scene of her life's drama, she bequeathed them her entire fortune, which amounted to several hundred thousand pounds.

Thus relieved of the necessity of earning a competence by his own efforts, Count Badeni procured an excellent education, was graduated as doctor of philosophy and entered the Austrian Civil Service.

He was a handsome man, with a well-knit figure and an attractive face, the conspicuous peculiarity of which was an unusually large and luxuriant moustache.

He was genial in manner, had a great deal of money to spend and was not averse to spending it, and he soon made himself the most popular Pole at the Court of Vienna.

In 1871 he became District Chief of Zolkiew, and two years later entered the Ministry of the Interior. For a time he was attached to the administration of the Statthalter in Galicia, but he retired from his office to care for a large estate that had been intrusted to his management upon the death of his father.

In 1888 he was made Governor of Galicia, an office he held until he was recently appointed Prime Minister of Austria by the Emperor Franz Joseph. He is said to be worth about £500,000, but his younger brother, who has succeeded him as Governor of Galicia, has been far more conservative in his expenditure, and is credited with being the fortunate possessor of considerably over £2,000,000.

HUMAN TELESCOPES.

THERE is a race of men who can see as far with the naked eye as an ordinary man can with a telescope. "Every man his own telescope," might be applied with propriety to these fortunate persons. They live in a wild state in the south of Africa, among the tribes of Bushmen. The name "Bushman" is an Anglicism of the Dutch word "Bjoseman," meaning "man of the woods."

These human telescopes have derived their extraordinary power of vision, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, through necessity. If it were not for this they must have long ago become extinct. They are remarkably small in stature for wild men, and they offer an easy prey for the large, fierce beasts that infest certain parts of Southern Africa. And, on account of their diminutive size, they are not able to fight on equal terms with their warlike and larger proportioned neighbours.

Travellers in the region of the long-sighted Bushmen have reported some truly remarkable feats with the eyes. One day while an European was walking in company with a friendly Bushman, the latter suddenly stopped, and pointing ahead in some alarm, exclaimed:

"A lion!"

The white man stared (until his eyes ached but he could make out nothing. Thinking that the native must have made a mistake, he insisted on going forward, though his companion urged him to retreat. When they had advanced a little farther the Bushman again came to a halt and absolutely refused to go on another step, for, as he explained, he could distinguish not only a lion but also a number of cubs. It would be dangerous, he said, to tamper with a lioness, while nursing her little ones.

The European, however, still unable to see a lion, much less the cubs, pushed on boldly. When he had advanced a quarter of a mile he saw an object moving slowly along in the distance at the point to which the Bushman had directed his gaze. Still doubting that a human being could possess such marvellous power of vision, he approached nearer, and finally distinguished the form of a lioness making leisurely for a line of forest.

The limit of a man's power of vision is established by necessity. If our existence depended on our ability to see twice as far as we do, this additional power would be acquired by practice. Deerslayer, of "Leather-stocking" fame, surprised every one by his long-sightedness. Probably he could see further than these bushmen, but he was a fiction-character. All woodsmen, and as a general rule, all persons living an outdoor life, give their eyes practice at long range, which ultimately makes their accuracy of sight seem wonderful to a man who never uses his eyes except to read.

PROPRIETOR: "Where is the bookkeeper?"

Office boy: "He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like."

MRS. SUFFRAGE: "It's a woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time."

Mr. Suffrage (mildly): "Then hadn't you better spank our twins before they yell the roof off?"

FRIEND: "I see you have named a new brand of cigarettes after Cicero."

Manufacturer: "Just so."

Friend: "But Cicero knew nothing about tobacco."

Manufacturer: "That's all right. No tobacco in 'em."

"WHAT'S this I hear?" asked the business manager of the TOOTING TOOTLER, as he entered the publisher's room. "You don't mean to tell me that all of last week's papers are sold?"

"Not a copy left," responded the clerk.

"And wasn't there an extra edition printed?"

"Yes, sir, two of them; but they are all sold out, and the people are asking for more."

"What's causing the wonderful sale?"

"The society editor inserted a line in last week's paper saying that Miss Smith is the most beautiful young lady in town. He didn't say which Miss Smith, and that's the reason of it."

In these times of war and rumours of war a special interest attaches to the article by one of our bravest soldiers—Sir Evelyn Wood—in the new number of "PEARSON'S MAGAZINE." Of a truth, therefore, it should be bought.

THE CALIPH'S WOOING.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

Author of "Shafts from an Eastern Quiver," "Glimpses from the Dark Continent," etc., etc.

"TELL the executioner to behead a prisoner!"
"The man is as good as beheaded, August Sultan—but which one?"

The Sultan's chief adviser looked inquiringly into his master's face.

"It doesn't matter which," said the Sultan, "any one will do. The fact is, my daughter Fatima has annoyed me again this morning."

"Daughters are, unfortunately, not wives," said the adviser. "Otherwise, the Red Sea is conveniently near. A sack—"

"I know that!" cried the Sultan irritably. "Make it two prisoners; I am very angry. Fatima wants to marry that blue-eyed Caliph who is richer than I am—and funds are very low just now."

"Behead the Caliph," advised the satellite, "and then your majesty would have replenished coffers. It is shameful that a dog of a Caliph should be richer than the Sultan."

"The people wouldn't hear of it. In these degenerate times even a Sultan has few prerogatives left. A noble can't be beheaded without trial. Tell Raschad to make it three prisoners."

The Sultan was indeed angry!

"Fatima will have a lot to answer for before she is an old woman. Your Highness—Raschad has been very busy, lately!"

"What does she want to marry the Caliph for!" roared the Sultan, "I would sooner she married a beggar!"

The Sultan's adviser beat a retreat rather hastily. True, he was of noble extraction, but he was becoming very unpopular with the people on account of the numerous executions of late, which were put down to his instigations.

It was a bad state of affairs. Fatima, the Sultan's daughter, was as lovely as liquid black eyes, pearly teeth, henna tipped fingers and a graceful, lithe figure could make her. But she had a will of her own, rather unusual for a woman of the East, and when the Sultan's adviser himself had proposed to add her to his own harem, she soundly boxed his ears before her amused father.

The Sultan was getting more morose, too, every day. Fatima was the plague of his life. The only thing the Sultan's adviser could think of, was for Fatima to be married and so set the Sultan at rest. But she had refused him, and he was the only man worthy of her in the whole of the Sultan's domains. If he hadn't been in love with Fatima he might have helped on the Caliph's suit, but even to gain popularity, he could not be expected to do that.

Alipha, the Sultan's adviser, went to see Raschad, the executioner. He found that worthy affectionately examining an awkward nick in his sword, which he was cleaning up, as he sat on an esparto mat. Alipha delivered the message. The executioner smiled:

"Find a prisoner and I am ready to do the Sultan's behest," said he. Every prisoner had been beheaded!

The adviser's dilemma had increased. He went back, slowly and thoughtfully to the Sultan, to tell him. On his way, Alipha pondered the affair over. The Sultan would be more angry than ever, and it was his policy to keep the Sultan in a good humour. He used to do so, at one time, by telling the Sultan stories, but since Fatima had turned awkward the Sultan would no longer listen—he said, that the chief adviser bored him.

As he went along, there suddenly flashed across

Alipha's brain the last words of the Sultan. In a few seconds he had a plan in his head. It would amuse the Sultan, annoy Fatima and make the young Caliph the laughing stock of Senna. Moreover, it would make Alipha popular with the people, for Senna was getting democratic of late.

The Sultan's natural anger that he should have no prisoners left to wreak his annoyance on, was terrible. Alipha waited till the storm had spent itself,

and then he propounded his ideas to the Sultan. The Sultan threw his sandals at the chief adviser's head, called him a fool, and bade him begone.

Next day the Sultan sent for Alipha, told him he still thought him a fool, but, for the sake of annoying his daughter in turn, he had decided to carry out his proposal.

The Sultan sent for Fatima, who came and sat at the foot of her father's throne, to hear what the Sultan had to say.

"It's about this wretched Caliph, Fatima," said the Sultan irritably.

"I'm glad, dear father, you are going to consent, at last, I have done everything I could to bring you to my way of thinking!" If acting perversely was what Fatima's reply referred to, she certainly had.

"I am going to consent on this condition: the Caliph must become a beggar at the palace gate. From the beggars who stand there day by day I will choose three, and I will put your name on a wax tablet. There will be three of these tablets. Each of the beggars shall choose one. The one who gets the tablet with your name on shall get you into the bargain."

Fatima beat a tattoo with her shapely foot on the carpet where she rested before the Sultan. Suppose the Caliph chose the wrong tablet? She puzzled over the matter for a time, but at last agreed to the conditions. She would trust to fate and the Caliph to get out of the difficulty; as to the loss of the Caliph's fortune, it did not trouble her. That was a mere matter of detail; if the Caliph really loved her, he would make light of the loss of mere wealth so long as he got Fatima herself.

The Sultan's daughter, among her accomplishments, had learnt to put a fair value upon herself, as befitted her rank. Fortunes are to be got every day, but a Sultan hasn't a pretty daughter once in a blue moon.

The Sultan issued his decree, and the Caliph at once sent all his wealth to his master, who got quite cheerful as he saw the treasure sacks opened and their contents poured at his feet. Someone else in the city, too, accepted the Sultan's condition, and begged himself for one chance out of three to get the beautiful Fatima. The other one was no less a person than the chief adviser himself. This put the Sultan into a really good temper, because he shrewdly guessed the chief adviser had been making a good profit out of his office.

The sum total was far above the Sultan's expectations. The chief adviser expected his royal master would refuse to actually take his wealth, as he had propounded the scheme, but there is a rough humour with Sultans that is not to be denied.

Three days later, the beggars were chosen by the Sultan in person. He kept his word and selected the Caliph and Alipha, and, as a third, named a sturdy-looking beggar, who leant on a staff and seemed, if Fatima fell to his lot, likely to make short work of the Caliph should the latter object.

The three tablets were ranged on a cushion at the foot

of the Sultan's throne. Fatima sat at a little distance away, the three suitors stood before the Sultan. Fatima coughed. The Caliph turned round. Instantly the girl held up two fingers, then looked as if quite unconcerned what the result might be.

The Sultan allowed the men to choose according to their advantage in age; consequently the chief adviser had first choice. He had seen Fatima's signal and without hesitation, picked out the middle one of the tablets. To his surprise, no less than Fatima's, it was the wrong tablet. A slave who had tried to give the girl information had been deceived, for the Sultan had changed the order. The gay monarch laughed. It was almost as amusing as lopping off prisoner's heads.

The Caliph had second choice, his tablet, too, was blank. The beggar was entitled to the one left:

"The Sultan's daughter is mine!" he cried. He picked up the tablet.

"Stop!" cried the Sultan, as the beggar ran towards Fatima to embrace her. "You must show the other two your tablet that there be no charge of a mistake afterwards." The beggar turned his tablet over to look for the name.

The third tablet was blank also. The Sultan was convulsed with laughter at his scheme's success. He had kept his daughter, Fatima, and at the same time had got possession of two fortunes.

The suitors were all angry, but two of them were relieved at the result. They expostulated and implored, but the Sultan had them turned out of his palace, and went to sleep for the afternoon, while Fatima did not know whether to be glad or sorry.

The Sultan's mirth was considerably lessened a few days after when he heard that Alipha, his adviser, the Caliph, and the beggar, had referred the matter to a rival Sultan. The latter, who was anxious to rule over

Senna, threatened war upon the one who had broken his word.

This disturbed the Sultan, and he sent for Fatima again, offering to allow the selection of her by the same means as before, only assuring her that this time her name should be properly written on one of the tablets. Fatima objected, and the Sultan was in despair.

Meanwhile, the rival Sultan, glad of the excuse which the other's conduct gave him, set out at the head of a large force and besieged the walled city of Senna. The people, incensed that their own Sultan had brought this matter upon them, were ready to capitulate. The Sultan at last sent a message to the invading Sovereign asking him to come to his palace and settle the matter amicably, promising to give him one half the combined sum received from the Caliph and Alipha, the chief adviser.

The second Sultan came, and had audience. The matter was discussed, half the treasure handed over, and the Sultans made friends on the spot. Having thus outwitted the suitors, the Sultans jointly thought the matter might be left there, but they decided to make a show of justice. They put their heads together, as close as a double almond, and the result of their conference was that another test should be given to all the suitors. If they failed to accomplish the task, then the matter was to end.

The three suitors were therefore summoned to the Sultan of Senna's palace, and there learnt what was required of them.

"Know, oh ye who are anxious to marry my daughter Fatima," said the Sultan, "that another opportunity will be given you to make your claim good. The first trial was a trial of chance, the second will be a trial of skill."

The suitors stared; they wondered what was coming. The Sultan clapped his hands, and in came an attendant bearing three spiral shells and three lengths of soft, silken thread.

To each of the suitors a thread and a shell was given, and they were then bidden to pass the thread through one end of the shell and out at the other, where a slight orifice had been made.

Three cushions were brought, and down the men sat, threading for their lives. He who got his thread through first was to have Fatima.

If the Sultan of Senna had been amused before he was much more so now, for the longer the men struggled with the silk the less likely it ever seemed that it would curl round and round in the shell. The men worked steadily away for an hour or more, the two Sultans roaring with laughter at the success of their plot. The Sultan of Senna, who was fond of music, had a female slave sent for, and she enlivened the proceedings by singing a song, to which the much-tried suitors were too busy to listen.

At last the Sultans got tired.

"You can retire now," said the Sultan of Senna to the unsuccessful men. "To-morrow, take your places in the open bazaar. A carpet will be spread there for you, and the people can watch you to see what comes of it. If one of you does not succeed in threading his shell within six days the matter must be considered at an end. Whoever passes the silk through the shell must be prepared to come to the palace afterwards and do the same feat again before us both."

The three suitors, whom a fellow misfortune had made friends, went away, carrying the yellow threads and shells with them.

The next day they all appeared in the market-place, and the crowd watched them with the keenest interest. They did not succeed in threading the shells, however, the only gain being that a few sharp merchants set up a bazaar, where they sold hundreds of the shells daily, accompanied with the offer of a gold coin to the first who should succeed in the task set. After that, the streets and by-ways of the Oriental city were almost deserted, everyone was at home in his own house, puzzling over the strange thread and shell.

Fatima herself tried the puzzle, but could make nothing of it. She went out sometimes and watched the three men who were striving for her hand so keenly in the now deserted bazaar, but even her glance of encouragement could not inspire the Caliph to perform the feat required.

At this time there lived in the mountains a holy mendicant, who received his supplies of food from the inhabitants of Senna. Although aspiring to be a Saint, the holy man was not above selling charms, his chief article of trade being a bird's claw, which every true Moslem will allow is a sure antidote against being looked at by one who has the gift of the Evil Eye.

Fatima, watching her opportunity, stole away to the mountain, taking with her a large jug of goat's milk, which the holy mendicant was very fond, since there were not half-a-dozen goats in Senna, and the gift was rare.

Climbing the mountain side, Fatima made her way along a steep path which wound round and round the mountain, gradually leading up to a rude orifice in



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which the holy man dwelt. The mendicant was asleep, and as it was reputed that he never slept, Fatima came away. She returned later, and found the mendicant awake and drinking the goat's milk which she had left.



He inveighed against the milk, called it sour, and spoke of the wonderful rivers of Paradise, which were of the choicest wine, as he knew well, for he was granted visions very frequently.

Fatima listened, not very credulously but attentively, then she put one of the shells with the thread into the mendicant's hand and asked him to thread it. As a holy man, he was supposed to have the

key to many secrets unknown to others, so that the mendicant at once tried to prove his powers. He asked Fatima to repeat the exact words of the Sultan's decree.

"Whoso causes the thread to pass through the shell first, he shall wed my daughter," repeated Fatima.

The holy man weighed mentally each word; he understood that it was not absolutely necessary to pass the thread into the shell with one's fingers, but there his acumen ended for a time.

Fatima waited patiently; the mendicant at last declared he must seek to learn the riddle by means of a vision, and bade the girl come and consult him on the morrow.

Fatima returned the next day. She chose the morning for her second visit, since the time given by the Sultan expired that same evening.

"Which of these suitors do you favour?" the mendicant asked.

Fatima explained that she wished to wed the Caliph. The mendicant was pleased at this. He had heard of the Caliph before, besides the Caliph was a member of the Sennussi Brotherhood, a most powerful order among the Moslems. It would be in the Caliph's power if he ever came to rule over the people of Senna, and the mendicant knew the people wished this, to build him a tomb and establish a pilgrimage to it.

"The Caliph is a True Believer; in my vision in the night, I beheld the Caliph Sultan of Senna. And I beheld a tomb of a Saint, whither thousands flocked, and, looking at the tomb, lo! my name was written! Then I wondered why the Caliph so honoured me, and I saw in my vision that it was because I had given to the queen of his harem a secret that made them both happy."

Fatima understood: "All this I promise, in Allah's name and in the Caliph's name, if the Great and the little may be thus joined. Holy man, tell the secret made plain to thee in thy vision."

The mendicant told Fatima what he had thought out. She clasped her hands, and accepting a little twisted piece of paper from the mendicant, bore her treasure to the Caliph, who was there in the bazaar trying, on that last day, to yet win Fatima.

"Caliph, as you love me draw aside," she whispered. Fatima told the Caliph what the holy man had divulged to her. Watching his chance, her lover managed, by this

means, to get the thread through the shell. He gave back the twisted paper and its contents to Fatima. Together they hastened to seek audience of the Sultan.

When ushered into the audience chamber, the two Sultans were found to be seated on the ample throne.

"Sultan, I have threaded the shell!" cried the Caliph.

The Sultan of Senna, not best pleased at this, took the shell and saw that the thread did indeed pass through.

"This has been done by someone else," replied the Sultan, "do this marvel again in my presence and Fatima is yours."

The Caliph held out his hand to Fatima. He took the twisted paper, released from it an ant, fastened the thread to its body, and put the ant into the shell. A minute after, the ant had reappeared at the other end of the shell, dragging the gossamer-like thread after it.

The two Sultans were astonished. There was no gain-saying that what had been set for the suitor to do had been accomplished.

"Caliph," said the Sultan of Senna, "thou hast cunning in that brain of thine, take thou Fatima, and I will return thee what I have left of thy fortune."

"And I," said the rival Sultan, "will restore to thee my share."

So matters went very well at Senna, except in the case of the chief adviser, whose property the two Sultans kept as some reward for their pains in the matter.



WANTED A REMAND.

An old lawyer tells a good story about a case he had, but which he did not keep.

An Irishwoman sent for him in great haste one day. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice, said:

"Mister B., Oi want ye to git a continyuance for me by Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer, "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?"

"Shure, ye can jist tell the court that Oi want a continyuance till Oi can git a better lawyer to spake for the b'y."

After telling the woman that she would have to get another lawyer to take up the case he hurried back to his office a very angry man.

SPARROW SHOOTING.

AT one of the fashionable sporting clubs on the Riviera the other day, there was a shooting match; but, instead of pigeons being used, English sparrows were released from the traps, and furnished targets for the marksmen. The gentlemen who took part in the shooting were highly pleased with the sport, and were sorry when the small supply of sparrows was exhausted.

For some time pigeon shooters have paid particular attention to sparrows, and many of them prefer to shoot at these tiny targets rather than at the regulation one, the pigeon, but the trouble is that they cannot secure them in quantities large enough to have a good day's shooting, and so only a few can participate in the sport.

The English sparrow is a much harder bird to hit than a pigeon, and consequently a man has to be an expert at pigeons before he can do much with the sparrow. Seventy-five out of a hundred sparrows would be a good record for a man who, under similar weather conditions, would kill ninety or ninety-five pigeons out of a hundred.

The sparrow is comparatively so small and the colour of its feathers so much resembles the ground that at thirty yards it is almost impossible to see the bird. As soon as the trap is sprung the captive will make a dash for liberty. This is due to its wild nature.

The pigeon is a tame bird, bred in captivity, and very often, much to the disgust of the shooter, will quietly alight on the ground after the trap has tumbled to pieces, while some birds seem to recognise the danger of their position, and absolutely refuse to rise and be shot. The sparrow is quicker getting on the wing than the pigeon, and is a much stronger flier.

"HAS she given you any encouragement?"

"Oh, yes! She says she will get all of her father's money some day."

VAN DYKE: "As the boat left the dock, I waved my handkerchief, and then a most curious thing happened."

Forney: "What was it?"

Van Dyke: "The ocean waved back."

"AND who is this?" asked Clara, pointing to the picture of a chubby child in skirts.

"That," said Robby, who had been wearing knickerbockers for some time, "is me when I was a girl."

"I CAN tell your fortune, and find out your future husband for you, lady," said a gipsy.

"If you find him out as often as I find my present husband out," replied the lady, "I shall never marry again."

A NEWLY-MARRIED young man, coming home one night from the club, knocked at his front door, and, looking on the mat, he started back with fright, for he saw about six feet of snake coiled up. He rushed to an outhouse, procured an axe, cut the intruder into twenty-two pieces, and, running into his wife's room, dragged her downstairs. Too agitated to speak, he pointed to the remains.

"Snake, you idiot," said his wife, "you have chopped up my best boy."

SCENE ON DECK OF A MAIL STEAMER AT SEA.—Æsthetic Passenger (to Old Salt): "Can you tell me, my good man, the name of that fine bird hovering about?"

Old Salt: "That's a halbatross, sir."

Æ. P.: "Dear me! quite a *rara avis*, is it not?"

O. S.: "Dunno, sir. I've always heard it called a halbatross."

Æ. P.: "Yes, yes, my good fellow, but I call that a *rara avis* just as I call you a *genus homo*."

O. S. (indignantly): "Oh, do you? Then I calls that a halbatross, just the same as I calls you an old humbug."

Pearson's Magazine.

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No. 2.]

[Feb. 1.

HERE can be no question that the public is pleased. The verdict of my readers upon the first number of *Pearson's Magazine*, expressed in the impersonal but none the less gratifying manner of creating a demand for copies, which taxed the capacity of my printers to the utmost, enables me to place the second issue in their hands with no little confidence that it will be found to have acquired just that rounding off of corners that the angularity of a first number makes prominently desirable, and, in fact, that as a popular illustrated monthly it stands pre-eminent among periodicals of the same class.

On Saturday, February 1st, the magazine makes its second bow to the public, and once more a preliminary edition of 200,000 has been prepared, for the greater part of which orders have already been received. It may be as well for this reason to make the suggestion that those who are anxious to obtain a copy should do so without loss of time.

Externally the magazine will be found to differ from its predecessor only in the type of English beauty occupying the place of honour upon the cover, and the shade of ink with which the wrapper is printed.

Internally, however, several changes have been made. In the first place eight more pages have been added; several new features have been introduced, for sameness is to be no part of our programme, and throughout the whole magazine illustrations appear in far greater profusion.

Particulars will also be found therein of a special prize of £250, that, as a matter of fact, anyone may gain with certainly less trouble than it has taken, for instance, to write this notice.

The following list of contents speaks, I think, for itself:

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Brief Notes on Prominent Painters, with Representative Examples of their Work—Pictures and their Prices—Some Royal Artists.

GLIMPSES OF PARADISE.

Ideal Illustrations by Holland Tringham.

ONE OF THE BRAVEST DEEDS I EVER SAW.

CAPTAIN RONALD CAMPBELL'S HEROISM IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

BILLIAM (A Complete Story).

Illustrated by W. F. Calderon.

S. R. Crockett.

A MORNING ON THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

Illustrated by Photos and Drawings by G. Ashton.

W. Arthur Woodward.

THE QUEEN'S PETS.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

FLEETING

Clarence Hope.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Illustrated by Photographs.

SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

No. II.—THE HONOUR OF AN EMPRESS.

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

Allen Upward.

WISDOM LET LOOSE.

Illustrated by Charles May.

W. L. Alden.

LONDON'S DANGER.

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

Cutcliffe Hyne.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Illustrated by G. G. Manton.

May Kendall.

WAR ON THE WATER.

Illustrated by F. T. Jane.

George Griffith.

THE BAN (A Complete Story).

Illustrated by G. Montbard.

John Bloundelle Burton.

THE GREAT WATER JOKE.

Written and Illustrated by

J. F. Sullivan.

THE CHARM.

Illustrated by Chris Hammond.

Sir Walter Besant and W. H. Pollock.

A PAGE OF VERSE.

EDITORIAL MIND.

It is not a difficult task to collect one more coupon than anyone else, especially with such papers as the *STORY TELLER* and *SHORT STORIES* to recommend to your friends. For this you get £100, and—

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2846. Why is it Inadvisable to Gather Fruit in Wet Weather?

Several reasons might be assigned. To begin with, when fruit is gathered in wet weather it is set aside in its damp state, so that every facility is given to it to rot and mildew. Moreover, when rain is falling many of the gross impurities that float about in the atmosphere—oily matters, soot, dust, etc.—are brought down and deposited on the fruit. When gathered in the wet state the fruit is then exposed to the decaying influences of this impure matter, which may without exaggeration be termed poisonous, at any rate to the fruit itself, and thus injurious more or less to the consumer. Doubtless the effect of rain is also to bring down many insects that inhabit the higher strata of air, and some of these will alight on the fruit and are thus carried away to eat into it and work damage.

2849. Which Animal is the most Fastidious Feeder?

Of domestic animals the horse stands easily first in this respect. His diet is confined to very few articles and he cannot tolerate even these unless they are clean and fresh. A well-bred horse would refuse food that has been handled or allowed to get soiled or even permitted to lie too long in his presence. Among wild animals the giraffe is perhaps the daintiest feeder. Nothing but the freshest and tenderest shoots will satisfy him, and in eating grass he will only take the green and tender tops. The otter, too, appears to be unusually fastidious, for although he will kill far more fish than he can eat, only the choice cuts of them, as it were, will please him, and these, according to his fairly correct taste, are to be found in two or three inches along the thick of the back.

2852. When was Fox-hunting First Systematised as an English Sport?

References to early fox-hunting prove no more than that the fox was hunted, though in a manner very different from that which obtains at the present day. The earliest mention of the sport is in the reign of Edward I., when a William de Foxhunte is included in the roll of the royal establishment as looking after six couples of foxhounds, two boys, and a horse to carry the net. Previous to 1639, however, the fox was not pursued in modern style, he was simply hunted for extermination, and was either driven into nets or run to ground and dug out. The Charlton Hunt, till a few months ago the Goodwood, may be said to have been the first systematic pack, and was originally established by the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, Lord Grey, and a certain Mr. Roper. The precise date is unknown, but its genesis was obviously prior to 1685, the date of Monmouth's rebellion, as Mr. Roper had then to flee the country. The Sinnington (Yorkshire) is said to be the descendant of the Duke of Buckingham's pack, which hunted the old Hambledon country in 1686, while in 1698 a Mr. Boothby was hunting what is now the Quorn country. The Brocklesby was founded in 1713, but it is evident that the packs which then amalgamated were in existence before this time. Of the details of the above-mentioned packs little is known beyond the fact that they existed, for in early times hounds were kept by many country gentlemen in an unpretentious sort of way, though by the end of the last century the sport had increased in importance, and there was scarcely a quarter of England which was not hunted over.

2850. Has the Same Woman ever Married two Kings of the Same Country in Succession?

This has certainly occurred three times within the scope of authentic history. Atossa, daughter of Cyrus and sister of Cambyses, king of Persia, married her brother, and after him Gomates, and then Darius the Mede. In our own history Emma of Normandy married first Ethelred the Unready and then his enemy Canute. The third case is that of Anne of Brittany. When

quite a child she was betrothed to the Emperor Maximilian, but when Charles VIII. of France captured her city of Rennes he made her hand one of the conditions of peace, and she married him, while on his death, after a mourning period of about two months, she married his successor, Louis XII.

2851. Which is the Earliest Recorded Yacht Race?

It is probable that so long as there have been ships at all, their masters or owners have loved to pit them one against the other. Students of Virgil's "Æneid" will remember a particularly spirited account of a race between four Trojan men-of-war off the coast of Sicily. But the earliest recorded yacht race, in the modern sense of the word, was one in which Charles II. took part. The Merry Monarch had a pleasure boat built for him after a Dutch model (the word yacht is itself Dutch), but with improvements, and the little vessel earned the approbation of Samuel Pepys, the diarist, who as Secretary to the Admiralty, may be supposed to have been a bit of a judge, and who described her as "very pretty," and as "one of the finest things that ever I saw for neatness and room." On October 1st, 1661, the king sailed her against his brother, the Duke of York's yacht, for one hundred guineas, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, and won his wager.

2853. Which is the Earliest Book Known to have been Written by a Woman?

Most authorities would probably agree in according to Sappho, the Greek poetess of Mytilene, who flourished in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., the honour of being the first of lady authors. Though only one splendid fragment of her writings remains, there is the best of evidence to show that her genius won a distinguished, if not a paramount, place for her among the poets of her age, but the waxed tablets, the marble slabs, and the parchment rolls on which her verses were probably inscribed, are hardly books in our sense of the word, and we have to traverse many ages before we come to the first volume written by a woman's hand and given to the world as what we now call a book. This, as far as the writer's inquiries have led him, is the "Mirror of the Sinful Soul," a book written by Margaret of Navarre, the authoress of the more diverting and infinitely more famous "Heptameron," in 1533.

2854. Which Wild Animal is most Difficult to Capture Alive?

The palm would probably lie between the mature giraffe and the full-grown gorilla. It is generally believed that neither has ever been captured alive. The giraffe will keep up the chase till it drops, which usually happens after a hard run of about seven miles; but if it is not shot then it will recover its wind and be off again. As it weighs more than a ton and is strong in proportion, it cannot be tied up and carried away, even if it could be caught in a trap without breaking its legs, which would be almost impossible. The gorilla will fight to the death against any odds rather than yield its liberty, and its young can only be captured with very great danger and difficulty, as the whole colony will, if warned, immediately come to its defence. As the whale is a true mammal, it is, of course, an animal within the limits of the question, and as it has never been, and probably never could be, caught alive, it ought to be included in the reply.

2855. Which is the First Recorded Instance of a New Truth bringing "not Peace but a Sword"?

The earliest and one of the most memorable instances regularly recorded is probably the proclamation by Moses of the new truth that he had arrived at, possibly through his studies of the Egyptian mysteries. Egypt was a land of many Gods. Moses saw that these at best were but images or symbols of different manifestations of the Supreme Power of the universe. What he really proclaimed to Israel and to Pharaoh was the eternal truth of the unity of this Power. It was a new truth to the Egyptians and possibly to the many enslaved Israelites, too, and never did a new truth bring a sharper or more fiercely wielded sword behind it, for it was the germ of the relentless hatred of idolatry which inspired not only the unsparring and long-continued wars of the Israelites, but, being transmitted by them to later ages, it became the inspiration of Mohammed and the watchword of the wars of Islam.

2856. Which Nation was the First to Establish a Compulsory System of National Education?

Among the earliest nations of antiquity the education of the people was considered of the highest importance to the State. In Greece the education of youth was more strictly watched over than in any other nation. The modern system of public school training, however, was not practised anywhere save at Sparta, where a State schoolmaster was appointed, and all the Spartan boys were taken out of the control of their parents. The matter of education was a compulsory and a national one, the schoolmaster being a sort of Minister of Education. The boys and their parents had no voice in it at all. At the age of seven the child was taken from his mother's care, and handed over to the public classes. His training was under the special charge of an officer nominated by the State—called *Paedonomus*—and was subject to the general superintendence of the elders. This must be said, however, that on the whole a Spartan was taught to despise literature, and the compulsory system of education that was in vogue was physical rather than mental in its character. In the modern world education was first made compulsory in Scotland by a statute of James IV., about 1490. Prussia was the first European State to make elementary and secondary education universally compulsory under penalties enforced by statute.

2857. Have the Amusements of the People of this Country ever been Proscribed by Law?

This has very frequently been the case from the earliest times. Most of the enactments have reference to the encouragement of the practice of archery, skill in which was so long indispensable to our national safety. Statutes were passed on this subject by Edward III., Richard II., Edward IV., and Henry VIII., and in order to compel compliance other amusements were penalised. Thus Richard I. proscribed games for money among his crusading soldiers. Henry VII. prohibited cards to apprentices, and Edward III. the "putting" of stones, wood, or iron; Edward IV. included in his prohibitions quoits and ninepins, and Henry VIII. added bowling, tennis, backgammon, dice, and cards, because they diverted the people from the practice of archery. Edward IV. had required every Englishman to have a long-bow his own height, every township to provide its own butts, and all the inhabitants to practise shooting on feast days. Henry VIII. insisted on fathers and guardians teaching their male charges, and masters their apprentices, the use of the bow on holidays, and James I. embodied in his "Basilikon Doron," and in various statutory measures, elaborate regulations anent public amusements. In 1618, in opposition to the Puritans, James legalised indulgence in many games—running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, archery, etc.—on Sunday, and Charles I. renewed this proclamation in the eighth year of his reign.

2860. Has the Social or the Civil Law Proved to be most Influential in this Country?

The matter is somewhat complicated by the important fact that in this country respect for the civil law is part of the social law. This is, of course, the result of national education; but the true answer to the question is probably to be arrived at as follows: In the early stages of all civilised societies the law, civil and criminal, is the instrument of national education; and during these periods the civil law was, no doubt, stronger among us, and did more for our advancement than the social law; but as the people developed in intelligence and gained more and more freedom, and the self-respect and self-restraint that flow from it, the unwritten social law developed very rapidly, and soon became by far the most influential factor in the national life. This is proved by the fact that on every occasion in our history on which the social and the civil law have come into conflict, the civil law has had to give way. At present, despite the antiquated formalities, and the anachronisms which have become injustices, and are only preserved in the interests of lawyers, the civil law is little more than the mouthpiece of the social law, and the same is to a great extent true of the criminal law as well.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2881. In which century was crime most severely punished in England?
2882. Why does the wind blow in gusts?
2883. Is gold increasing or decreasing in value?
2884. In which country is labour cheapest?
2885. What is the cause of a "mackerel sky"?
2886. How is the fact accounted for that blowing along the horizontal tube of a spray-diffuser causes liquid to flow upwards along the other tube which is nearly vertical?
2887. Which country possesses the best climate to live in all the year round?
2888. How does a tidal-wave differ from a wind-wave?
2889. Why do sporting dogs refuse to touch the bones of game?
2890. Of which of our sovereigns may it be most truly said that "He was every inch a king"?

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HE.

FAREWELL, with humble air,
I kiss your finger tips;
The while my bold heart flies
In fancy to your lips.

The dainty glove I kiss—
A plague upon the fashion—
My purpose thwarts, Duenna-like,
A-warding off my passion.

SHE.

Prithce, why should he be content
With kissing of my fingers;
Sure all the world such homage pays
—And yet the Dullard lingers!

NIMBLE WIT.

A COMEDIAN in a Paris theatre recently made a great hit out of a painful incident. While indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage he struck his head violently, entirely by accident, against one of the pillars of the scene upon the stage. On hearing the thud everybody uttered a cry.

"No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt-cellar." These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part.

Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when everyone expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar.

WHAT SNAKES EAT.

DURING the last few months some of the gentlemen connected with the Museum of Natural History at Paris have given to the world various interesting results of their observations.

The learned professor at the museum, Leon Vaillant, describes the diet of a serpent more than twenty feet long, which has been on exhibition at the Jardin des Plantes since the month of August, 1885. Up to the end of 1895 this reptile has eaten fifty times, that is on the average five times a year. The largest number of times in one year that the snake took food was in 1886, when he ate seven times.

Nearly always the food consisted of the flesh of goats, old and young. Three times, however, the repast was composed of rabbits, and once of a goose. The feeding of the serpent, which will eat nothing but what is alive, offers an uncommon spectacle, and many persons request to have notice of the times when the creature feeds, so as to witness the feeding. Yet the lightning-like rapidity with which the reptile seizes its prey produces a powerful impression.

Apropos of the volume which can, by means of distention, enter the stomachs of serpents, Professor Vaillant relates that a French viper was once put in the same cage with a horned viper. As these individuals, although belonging to different species, were of the same size, it was supposed that these reptiles would live amicably side by side.

Nevertheless, the horned viper, during the following night, swallowed his companion in captivity, and in order to accommodate this prey so disproportionate to itself, its body was distended to such a degree that the scales, instead of touching each other laterally, and even overlapping each other a little, as in its normal condition, were separated, leaving between the longitudinal rows of them a space equal to their own breadth. All the same, digestion proceeded regularly, and the viper did not appear to have suffered in the least. The case of the cobra that swallowed a brother cobra, by mistake, at the Zoo, affords another example of this extraordinary capacity for the accommodation of food.

THE POLICEMAN'S ELDORADO.

THE recent prosecution of journalists in Germany for, in many cases, what in England would be considered nothing more than the mere expression of "Liberal" sentiment, has practically demonstrated to the English reader what a much more important part the police plays in political life in the Fatherland than with us at home. The policeman in Germany, indeed, is an ubiquitous element to be encountered and reckoned with in every by-way of life. Often to the most vexatious extent are the movements of the Kaiser's subjects hedged round by the grandmotherly care of the Police Bureau.

Every person, native or foreigner, in Prussia, on taking a lodging, or house, or on entering an hotel, has to sign what is called a *Polizeianmeldungsschein*. In this he has to insert his full names, place of birth, occupation, religion to which he was born, and that which he now professes, and many other little particulars, including whether married or single, and if the former, when and where, and the result in the matter of offspring. The age has also to be given, not even young ladies being exempted. He has to say where he comes from, and, if travelling, whither he is going. The foreigner has subsequently to attend at the police station with his passport, or other papers, there to certify to the correctness of his statements.

By means of this system of registration, the police are enabled to put their hand upon almost any individual within the Empire, or, at all events are in the great majority of cases able to obtain a good clue to the whereabouts of "fishy" characters.

It is in this way, too, that the summonses to young men who have to attend the barracks for their two year's compulsory military service can be sent out so methodically. Hotel owners, lodging-house keepers and the like, who fail to report to the police any new arrivals or departures (whether as friends or lodgers) are summarily fined. The police address-register is thus always up-to-date. By paying a sixpenny fee, any inhabitant, on applying to the Chief Police Office of his town, can be supplied with the whereabouts in the neighbourhood of any person named, or the place whither he has departed.

Ladies visiting the Fatherland must pay special attention to the street regulations. In Dresden, it is true, women may now be seen sitting on the tops of omnibuses, but in Berlin and many towns it is strictly prohibited, as coming within the terms of a by-law against "indecent exposure of the person." As the stairs of the German bus are mostly of quite the same construction as in London, it is difficult to discern where the "immodesty" comes in.

The town authorities in many parts have by-laws against smoking by boys. In Schwerin-on-the-Warthe the age is fixed so high as seventeen, and the penalty for breaking the law is thirty shillings.

In most cities bicycling in all business streets is forbidden, though tricycling is allowed. Bicyclists have recently evaded the law by affixing a small wheel temporarily at the side of the other two, when passing through a town, thus bringing their machines within the designation "tricycle." The police have tried summoning such riders in the law courts, but two judgments in Berlin having gone in favour of the cyclists, the latter now hold the field.

Bicycling by children is prohibited in certain districts. In Augsburg, the age, under which none may ride, has recently been raised to fifteen years. All cyclists have to carry a certificate, bearing a 2s. stamp, and signed by a police magistrate and also by the president of some cycling club known to the police, certifying that the holder is a competent cyclist. "Fancy riding," such as with the feet off the pedals, and also the taking of children on machines, is punished by a penalty "not exceeding fifty shillings."

Street processions in the larger towns are altogether prohibited, except in the case of funerals, which may proceed along certain streets. Open-air speaking is not allowed, this being a hit chiefly at Socialists.

In sanitary matters the cleanest city in Europe is certainly Berlin, the police regulations regarding disinfection, especially in warm weather, being very stringent. Infectious patients, whether rich or poor, are removed to a hospital in a special waggon. The sanitary police then visit the house. All clothing and the like is removed to the district "Disinfection station," and there purified or destroyed, as the case may be. The sanitation officials scrape the paper from the bedroom walls, and scrub it with huge chunks of dry bread (generally old loaves "left over" at barracks). The remnants are then mixed with sulphur and burnt, and the room squirted with carbolic acid by means of a hand pump.

IF ANY READER OF

Pearson's + Weekly

WOULD LIKE TO PUT

£250 in his pocket

It is worth his while to look inside the current number of

Pearson's Magazine.

SQUARING THE BEAK.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER was driving in a hansom to the Law Courts one day when his cab was run into by another. On alighting Sir Richard gave the cabman his card in case he was wanted as a witness.

The case came on in due course, and Sir Richard, coming into court, was asked to take a seat near the Bench. The verdict was given in his cabman's favour.

When Sir Richard went out, there stood cabby waiting for him.

"Jump in, sir; I'll drive you anywhere. I knowed it 'ud be all right when I saw yer up there a-squaring the beak."

HIDE THEM? NOT THEY!

Most people are very particular that whatever they carry through the streets shall not be open to the public gaze. What cannot be slipped into a side pocket or handbag must be carefully concealed in its cover of tissue or brown paper. But there are things which somehow nobody ever thinks of wrapping in a parcel, nay, which people positively seem to delight in conveying as openly as possible.

For example, take *skates*. Who ever wishes to hide the fact that he is carrying them? Watch a crowd of expectant skaters making their way to a frozen river. One and all they carry their shining blades nakedly, unwrapped, aggressively almost, as though to say to the world at large: "Behold! I am about to go a-making holiday! Envy me!" Delicate, high-bred damsels, who would ordinarily disdain to carry home the lightest proceeds of a morning's shopping, proudly step out and delight in the dangling of their glittering "gliders."

Then, again, at the seaside, the young men who rejoice in an early dip "in the open," rejecting the blandishments of the bathing-machine and seeking some retired spot "far from the gaze of the world," would never think of wrapping up their bath-towels. As the welcome breakfast bell of the boarding-house rings out the signal for the festive rusher and the frolicsome egg, they return in troops before the admiring eyes of their observant "best girls." They wear their towels round their necks as a muffler, sport them about the waist as a "cummerbund," or even fly them loosely in the gentle breeze.

Conceal their towels in their pockets or carry them in a parcel! Perish the thought. Who would then know they'd been a-bathing?

"THEY say I'm just too sweet for anything;
They do, indeed," laughed she.
He said to her: "That idea from you fling,
You're not too sweet for me."

DOUGHERTY: "Officer, I want you to arrest these men; they are burglars."

Officer: "Whose bicycle is that?"

Dougherty: "It's mine."

Officer: "Come to the station with me, your lamp ain't lit. Never mind the burglars."

YOUNG FISH: "There's a hook with a nice worm on it."

Old Fish: "Keep away from that."

Young Fish: "I've stolen lots of worms from hooks."

Old Fish: "Yes, but there isn't any fashion plate reflected in the water this time. That hook belongs to a freckled-faced boy with a ragged straw hat. He is fishing for fish, not for fun."

TOMMY: "Father, if I take a half-crown out of somebody's pocket, that's stealing, ain't it?"

Mr. Figg: "Certainly."

Tommy: "And if I bet half-a-crown and win the half-crown, that's gambling?"

Mr. Figg: "Of course."

Tommy: "And if I get something worth only half-a-crown, and sell it to him for five shilling, what is that?"

Mr. Figg: "That? Oh, why, that's business, Tommy, simply business."

"WHAT'S the matter, William?" said the wealthy householder. "Anything gone wrong?"

"Not exactly gone wrong, sir, but I want a new understanding."

"What about?"

"My pay, sir."

"Why, you get very good wages for a cook."

"Yes, sir; they does very well for a cook, sir. But I overheard you when you were talking to your friends, sir. You called me your *chef*."

"Well, you ought to be complimented."

"Yes, sir. I'm complimented; but business is business. I can't be a *chef* for less than £300. Wages is all right for a cook, but a *chef* has to have a salary."

—If you purchase a PEARSON'S WEEKLY bicycle—£14 14s. including accessories—you save £10! This machine is the very best that is made; it is worth, in fact, £25.

NEW AND STRANGE.

A PROCESS has been patented in Germany to provide a substitute for the natural skin for use in curing open wounds. The substance which is the subject of the patent is obtained, I am told, from the interior of animals, and the tissue thus made will take the place of the natural skin and when laid upon the wound is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

THE silent cab call is an invention much to be esteemed which is now coming into general use in London. Two lamps, one red and the other green, are suspended from the door of a club or other public building. The porter within has merely to press a knob in the entrance hall, and either the red or the green lamp may be illuminated, the one to call a four-wheeler, and the other a hansom.

A SEE-SAW for children has been patented in America, the special office of which is to combine utility with amusement. The idea is that while the children are enjoying themselves they should at the same time be assisting at the work of the family wash, for, beneath the bar of the see-saw is a mechanical arrangement for kneading the clothes as they are inserted into the tub, which forms a sort of pedestal.

LUMINOUS numbers and letters for street doors are an invention of the Electric Figure and Letter Co., 78a, Pembroke Place, Liverpool. This idea is altogether worthy, and will be readily welcomed by all who have occasion to travel our streets at night, especially when their object is to find a house, of the exact locality of which they are ignorant. By cab-drivers and postmen, moreover, the innovation is sure to be appreciated.

MY attention has been drawn to a new envelope, of which Mr. H. Piper, of 47, Linver Road, Hurlingham, Fulham, is the inventor. It is merely an adaptation of the principle now employed by the Post Office officials for their registered letters. The envelope is fastened down by a smaller flap than usual on the same side as that upon which the address is inscribed, and the stamp is then placed so that the envelope cannot be opened without either removing or tearing it.

To be able to bind one's own magazines as they arrive in monthly instalments is an extremely useful accomplishment which has been made possible by the new "Pamphlet Binder" that has recently been placed upon the market by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. The device is simple enough, consisting of a steel spring, which is of sufficient strength to keep the metal band with which each instalment is pressed, in place. When the half-year is complete it is only necessary to strip off covers and advertisements, to take the title page from the last part and fasten it in front of the numbers, and the volume is then worthy to take a place upon the library bookshelves.

THERE is apparently to be a revival of the old-fashioned method of carrying a lady upon a pillion.



On horseback the lady was compelled to ride behind her escort. On the bicycle she is to ride in front. A recent invention provides for a seat before the handle-bar, just above the steering wheel.

A special wire shield is provided to protect the lady's skirts from the mud, and it is claimed that the additional weight falling exactly where it does, will impede the rider much less than one would naturally suppose.

A FRENCHMAN named Villon has invented a novel method of sealing champagne bottles. The loss and deterioration of champagne due to the escape of gas has long, he says, made some process of perfect air-tight sealing desirable. M. Villon accomplishes this by covering the cork and part of the neck with a thin layer of copper electrically deposited. For this purpose the neck of the bottle is coated with a conducting substance, such as blacklead, zinc, or copper powder, and plunged in a galvanic bath. This bath has a cover of paraffined wood, with conical holes, which are lined with copper rings. All these rings are connected among themselves, and with the negative pole of the dynamo, while a copper sheet in the bath is connected with the positive pole. The bottles are simply inserted in the holes, neck down, and when a layer of two-tenths to three-tenths of a millimetre has been deposited the current is stopped. The deposit may be gilt or silvered, or given any desired shade, in special baths. The process, of course, can be applied to seal bottles for mineral waters, preserves, and a variety of products.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

ALFRED ROTHSCHILD keeps several *chefs*, one of whom has nothing to do beyond making curries. Rothschild rarely dines away from home, frankly declaring that he prefers his own table to any other.

LORD LEIGHTON has, it is understood, drawn up a deed of gift by which his magnificent house in London will eventually become the property of the Royal Academy of Arts, to be used as an official residence for future presidents.

WHEN the Queen and Empress Eugénie are together they spend all their spare time in doing needlework for the poor. Both the Queen and the ex-Empress are fond of the old-fashioned style of embroidery. The Queen bestows all her handiwork upon her poor tenants at Balmoral and at Windsor. The Empress Eugénie sends hers to poor convents, whence it is distributed to the needy.

ONE of the best stories of the German Emperor is told in connection with his constant habit of changing his garb. One day he dined with the Guards in naval uniform instead of the uniform of the regiment, and at dinner he propounded the question: "Why do I come dressed so?" The story goes that the youngest subaltern, in a very small voice, suggested that his Majesty was going to visit the aquarium.

T. P. O'CONNOR writes his leading articles and all other "copy" that he provides on the typewriter. He works at an extraordinary pace, so fast, indeed, that a friend once laughingly declared that he discovered "T. P." writing two articles upon two machines with his two hands. The editor of THE SUN does not punctuate his articles, nor even make spaces between the words. These little details he leaves to the common sense of his printers.

THE youngest Dumas often declared that his school-days were the unhappiest of his life. He hated the routine of the class-room, and was subjected to continued insult on account of his parentage. He once went to his father and told him he had run into debt to the extent of £2,000. "Work as I do," said the elder Dumas, "I have just cleared off £10,000." Alexander Dumas père left five francs. Alexander Dumas fils left three millions of francs.

BARNEY BARNATO endures unmoved the many newspaper attacks on himself and his schemes. He says that on only one occasion have the journalists succeeded in causing him real pain. He was playing in private theatricals at a big country house. He played, as he believed, extremely well, and was immensely proud of himself in consequence. To his chagrin, the local papers did not even mention his name, much less praise him.

VON PASCHINGER's work on Prince Bismarck contains several hitherto unpublished anecdotes. One relates how Dr. Schweninger became the Chancellor's private physician and subjugated the great man. Schweninger recognised the strong temperament with which he had to deal, and resolved to assume the whip-hand. Three days after his advent the Chancellor fell ill. The doctor forbade him to partake of a certain dish. Bismarck rebelled, and had it placed before him notwithstanding. Hearing of what had been done, Dr. Schweninger entered the room, took the dish forcibly from the patient's hands, and flung it out of the open window. The Man of Iron perceived that he had met his match, and was afterwards the most docile of patients.

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, the proprietor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE and MAGAZINE, is, as everyone knows by this time, a writer of several books. For each of these books he receives the usual share of the profits made by the publishers. This fact seems to have impressed the particular class of gentlemen, of which Barrabas is always quoted as a type. On the publication of his first novel Mr. Astor went to interview the publisher personally. "Of course, Mr. Astor," said the latter, "I know the question of money does not count with you." "No, it does not," replied the millionaire, "but that is no reason why I should not receive just the same price for my literary work as others do. If my novel is worth a good price to you as its publisher, it is worth a good price to me as its author."

It is fortunate for the Sultan that he cannot, at least, be like all the various accounts which have recently been published about him. The most recent comes from Mons. Hanotaux, the French ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs. He speaks of the Sultan as a man small in stature and intensely wiry, with a pale face full of intelligent fire, restless eyes, and the white tapering hand of a lady. He is a genuine Turk, an old-fashioned pious Mahomedan, and we are told that he has little or no European leanings. The idea of the Sultan as the Father of his people is firmly rooted in his mind, and in the ante-rooms of his palace at Yildiz there may always be seen long rows of bearded old men sitting patiently, day after day, waiting for an audience that, although it may be often postponed, is eventually sure to be granted. These supplicants come from all parts of the Sultan's dominions, and bring with them every kind of complaint for redress; they are, in fact, ambassadors from the people.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

It is always gratifying to old stagers, one of whom the present writer may well claim to be, to find a player with all-round abilities figuring in first-class football. The modern somewhat mechanical style of play has a tendency to produce men who shine in one position only, and who are almost useless when tried elsewhere. R. F. C. de Winton will be well remembered as a half-back, who gained his Blue at Oxford and afterwards several times played for England in that position. After a brief retirement he has this season come out again with the Blackheath F.C., but now as a three-quarter, the club being particularly well off for halves. As he is fast and powerful, and possesses excellent judgment in passing, he has been almost as great a success at three-quarter as at half-back. De Winton was educated at Marlborough, and recently assisted the Nomads of that school in one of their stiffer matches.

To those who have been consistent opponents of professionalism at football the practice of "buying and selling" players has afforded a strong argument. It will be remembered that in one case a year or so ago a club which found itself in financial difficulties practically put up its players for sale to the highest bidders. A somewhat similar course is now being pursued by Darwen, who has fared none too well in the second division of the League. In so far, however, as this process leads to clubs falling back upon local talent instead of more costly importations from Scotland, it is one to be commended. Darwen certainly has no cause to regret having disposed of its "mercenaries," for, with but one Scotsman left in the eleven, they have shown decidedly improved form. This should be an encouragement to other English clubs who would fain depend upon local players but fear to run the risk.

IN Northamptonshire athletic circles the family of Kingston is well known, and held in the highest respect. Several brothers of that name have gained distinction on both football and cricket field, and apparently it will be some years before Northampton St. James's Rugby fifteen will be considered complete without one of the brotherhood in its ranks. That club has made rapid improvement this season, and is now decidedly one of the strongest Rugby organisations in the Midlands. This is largely due to the excellent captaincy, together with the no less excellent play of W. H. Kingston, a fast and clever three-quarter. Unlike his brother, the Rev. W. P. Kingston, who seems to have retired from the game, "Willie" is not of very powerful physique; but the dash and confidence with which he plays, combined with capital judgment, make him a particularly useful player. A still younger brother, now at Blair Lodge School, has been rendering effective aid to "the Saints" in the holiday matches.

SHOULD Scotland this season draw at all extensively upon those players who have left her borders for her International teams, it is not unlikely that Donald Gow, of Sunderland, will gain another cap. So far back as 1888, when but twenty years of age, he captained the Scottish Eleven against England; but he now confesses that it was a mistake to intrust him with so onerous a position, and seemingly wishes to take a large share of the blame for his side's five goals defeat upon his own shoulders. The famous back gives it as his opinion that his native country could even now put out a sufficiently strong team for the match with England, without calling upon any players who have migrated, if only English methods of training were adopted. Gow has played in all positions in the field, but has achieved his great reputation, of course, as a full-back. He was born at Blair Athol in 1868, and the club with which he played prior to joining Sunderland was the Glasgow Rangers. After three years with Sunderland, during the most successful seasons of that club, he returned to the Rangers, but only remained for one season, Sunderland once more claiming him. Well-built and speedy, and kicking strongly, he is one of the most effective and artistic backs of the day.

£100 INSURANCE

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed

Available until midnight, February 8th, 1896.

It is worth remembering that a series of puzzle pictures are being published from time to time in SHORT STORIES. Also—

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

No. 22.

ALTHOUGH a very marked and gratifying measure of success has attended our efforts to break down the sale of reprint rubbish and forgeries in what may be called the recognised stamp trade, there remains a good deal of work still to be done. With one exception, the firms which we have had occasion to remonstrate with by name have honourably kept their word with us in the matter of reform. The exception is Messrs. Edward Cooper and Co., who still advertise in THE BOY'S OWN PAPER that particularly worthless set of twenty-one Heligoland frauds as if they were, in truth, genuine stamps.

Sundry other dealers, of Cooper's class, have paid no attention to the warning which we gave them a while ago. We are, therefore, completing the collection of evidence against a list of the worst of these offenders, which shall be given shortly to our readers.

In the meantime, the advertising pages of this BOY'S OWN PAPER contain far too many announcements of petty tricksters, who by choosing this medium of advertisement confess that their purpose is to do business with children.

We are now in the process of testing some dozen or more of these small advertisers, and enough proof has already come to hand to convince us that the proprietors of this otherwise excellent juvenile paper have a plain duty before them in the matter. But about that we will speak at length later on.

For the moment we take one of the advertisements referred to, that of H. Walker and Co., 6, Ball's Pond Road, N. This Walker advertises a packet of eighty stamps for thirteen pence. Upon examination, the contents of this packet divide themselves into four classes.

First come thirty forgeries of actual stamps, next seventeen bogus labels which are not stamps at all; third, fourteen worthless reprints, which are only one remove from forgeries; and lastly, nineteen real stamps, which would be dear at twopenny. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the whole eighty pieces cost Walker himself a penny, but he is permitted by a respectable paper to offer them to its uninformed boy readers as a great bargain at thirteen pence.

To look a little more closely into this packet, it first of all contains ten stamps described variously in the card as from Dundee, Glasgow, Manchester, etc. They are all of one general design, which we illustrate herewith, but the shield in each case bears the arms or emblem of the city whose name is on the top scroll. Two values appear, a 6d. rose-pink and a 3d. yellow. Now to palm these off upon boys as things to put in their stamp albums is in effect as dishonest as anything that ever disgraced the name of philately. Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, a plan was elaborated for a private message-delivery company, which should have branches in the principal British towns, and cut into the business done by the General Post Office. The scheme progressed to the point of preparing some dies for stamps, and printing from these, and not much farther. The Government at the proper moment put its foot on the enterprise, and no more was heard of it—except in this one matter of stamps.

Philately was then in a very uninstructed but rapidly expanding stage, and a good many of these stamps were sold to collectors. Their worthlessness was demonstrated, and reputable dealers ceased to touch them. It has been many years now since the ordinary adult collector has seen one of these absurd labels. Whether the stock now in the hands of people like H. Walker and Co., is of original remainders, or has been reprinted from the old dies, we have no means of ascertaining, but in either case we warn our young readers that they have no more philatelic interest or value than bus tickets—if indeed so much.

Of course, the swindling Sedang set of impostures would naturally figure in such a packet as this. Next come a series of twelve Mexican Porte de Mar forgeries, and six Corrientes forgeries, which together, if they were genuine, would be worth about £1. There are three forged Afghanistans, three bogus surcharges on the Costa Rica 1 real blue, four forged Suez Canal stamps, and two forged Danish locals. The reprints are of the commonest description—Hamburg, Bergedorf, Argentine, etc. The genuine stamps are even commoner.

With more complete information at hand, we will take up this subject of the packet advertisers in boys' papers very soon again. The abuse, as it stands, is grave and inexcusable. The proprietors of journals published for adults are practically agreed in excluding from their pages advertisements of an openly dishonest nature. They do not do this from fear of the law, but in recognition of a plain moral obligation. How much more binding should that obligation be upon the publishers of papers for boys, who lack the experience and judgment to distinguish between the genuine and the false, and whose scanty pocket money is regularly lived upon by advertisers of this Walker type!

The new 5d. brown of Queensland, which we mentioned recently as the first stamp of that value issued by this colony has arrived, and we present a cut of it herewith. The ordinary 1s. green has also turned up, printed on the thick beer-duty paper, with the very large Q watermark. It is understood that this will also be extremely rare, like the 1d. we spoke of the other week.



Mr. Secretary Chamberlain's activity in the Colonial Office has attracted such general attention that the "Stamp Album" feels warranted in expressing the hope that when larger difficulties have been pacified, and International complications are all out of the way, he will have a day or two to devote to the philatelic dealings of his colonial postmasters. Take Seychelles, for example. During the present month a sweeping change has been made, by which the 8c., 13c., 15c., 16c., 45c., 48c., and 96c. values are wiped out, a 5c., 20c., 40c., and 1 rupee introduced, and a lot of surcharges which no one as yet has tabulated brought into existence. What is worse, a speculator who gives as references the Collector and Treasurer of the Colony, has been writing privately to dealers in England, offering to secure in advance any varieties of surcharges they desire in any quantities. This is an all too frequent scandal, and it would be a delight to see the vigorous Colonial Secretary of the day take it really in hand.

A reader from Rochdale Road, Manchester, sent to the "Stamp Album" for inspection a while ago a parcel of stamps, which included a number of denominations of the design herewith illustrated. She had been offered a good price for them, she said, if they were genuine. Not only were they forgeries, but they were actually imitations of a stamp which was in itself bogus. This "Clara Rothe" swindle was perpetrated in 1869, and was in that year amply exposed in the STAMP COLLECTORS' MAGAZINE. It had some success at the start, but the frauds were so long ago weeded out of most albums that it is in the nature of a surprise to find them turning up at this late date.

Although no specimens have yet reached England, the colours of the beautiful current issue of the Argentine Republic were to have been changed this month, and the designs of the 16c., 24c., and 50c. altered as well.

(“Army Notes” next week.)

LAWYER: “You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?”

Witness: “It had my sweetheart's picture in it.”

Lawyer: “Ah! I see, as usual, a woman in the case.”

DOOLEY: “The strong man at the Pagoda Music-hall has a new feat, I understand.”

Dunn: “What is it?”

Dooley: “He closes and locks a trunk, which his wife has packed for a trip to the seaside; and he does it within three minutes, too!”

SILENCED HIS LAUGH.—“I suppose you haven't forgotten that it is Leap Year,” he said, as he took a seat beside her, “and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction,” and he laughed. “I had quite forgotten it,” she said, with a yawn; “what's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to?”

This time he didn't laugh.

THE FAT ONE: “Sir, I want to know what you mean by saying I could take my collar off over my head without unbuttoning it?”

The Thin One: “It was a thoughtless statement on my part, made on the spur of the moment, and I am sorry I said it.”

“Very well, if you're sorry, of course—”

“Yes; I forgot the size of your ears.”

A VOLUNTEER artillery regiment applied to the War Office for wooden guns to practise with.

“These,” they explained, “will be cheaper than real ones.”

“It shall not be said that efficiency was sacrificed to economy,” came the reply, “you shall have real guns.”

The warriors were profuse in their thanks. “We will take care of them,” they promised, “and in the event of war return them to the arsenal.”

QUICKPEN (a bookkeeper): “Hello, Thumper, where to?”

Thumper (a typewriter): “I'm going to the country for a month's holiday. I've just been discharged by Closefit to make room for a young woman at a smaller salary. I'll have my old place back in about a month.”

Quickpen: “Think so?”

Thumper: “Oh, yes. She'll marry him by that time, and after that she'll make him employ a man.”

THE COST OF A SOLDIER'S UNIFORM.

WHEN a recruit first joins the army, he is taken to the quarter-master's store, and a uniform of a certain number, judging by his height, is handed out to him. He is then taken to the regimental tailor, where the clothes are tried on and altered to fit. Before he is finally passed he is inspected by his colour-sergeant and the officer of his company, and then by the commanding officer of the regiment.

Unless in a strict “regimental” corps, the recruit may make special arrangements with the tailor as to further alterations and adornments to his uniform, in order that he may present a smarter appearance when “walking out”; these, of course, to be made at his own expense.

Every soldier on joining the army is given a free kit—that is to say, all such necessities as knives, forks, spoons, brushes, towels, shirts, socks, and accessories to his uniform in the way of a great-coat, cape, or head-dress.

The value of the outfit of an ordinary infantryman is as follows: Best coat, or tunic, 10s. 10d.; frock, 8s. 4d.; trousers, 7s. 11d.; boots, 10s.; forage-cap, 11d.; mitts, 9d.; helmet, 5s. 3d.; great-coat, 19s. 3d.; cape, 6s. 8d.

In the cavalry of the line, taking the 9th Lancers as an example, a best head-dress costs from 16s. 7d. to £4 18s.; tunic from £1 2s. 7d. to £2 8s. 1d.; cloth frock, 10s. 4d. to 16s.; jacket, 13s. 9d. to £1 11s. 8d.; gauntlets, 5s. 11d.; pantaloons, 16s. 2d. to 20s. 11d.; trousers, 12s. 4d. to 16s. 10d.; great coat, 25s. 3d.; cape, 11s. 4d.; boots from 15s. 2d. to £1 8s. per pair.

The kilt of a Highland soldier varies in price from £1 to £1 11s. 4d. A private's plaid costs 3s. 5d., a sergeant's 4s. 4d.

The bear-skin head-dress worn by the Foot Guards is one of the most expensive items of clothing now issued. It varies between £8 15s. to £10 2s. 3d.

The busby worn in the Royal Artillery costs from 18s. 6d. to £2 10s. 2d. The tunic of the same regiment costs from 16s. 4d. to £2 6s. 5d.

In the Life Guards, or Household Cavalry, the value of the tunic is from about £1 18s. for a private to £3 2s. 10d. for a bandsman. The aiguillette worn by corporals of the higher rank is a valuable ornament, value £3 8s. 11d. The short jacket varies in price from £1 2s. for the rank and file, to £3 for the senior non-commissioned officers. Pantaloons are from £1 4s. to £1 6s.; leather for full dress, £4 15s. 5d. The helmet costs about £1 15s., the great coat from £1 12s. 6d. to £1 18s. 3d., the cape about 15s. It will be seen from these figures, without taking into consideration numerous other expensive necessities, that the Life Guards are an expensive luxury.

The cost of the clothing of the staff and working branches of the army—such as the Medical Staff—comes to about the same amount as that of the regiment to which they belong.

New clothing is supplied annually to the army, worn for the first time, generally, on the date of her Majesty's birthday. Worn-out clothing is returned to the store, or may be kept by the soldier for a small sum.

On discharge all uniforms have to be given up, except a pair of boots which become the ex-soldier's property. A plain suit is also provided when he returns once more to the ranks of civilian life.

436 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of Claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 COUPON TICKET.
Specially Guaranteed by the
OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the “Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,” 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, January 31st, 1894, until Midnight Saturday, February 2nd, 1894. (See column 3, page 507.)

—that the bound volume of HOUSEHOLD HINTS, republished from HOME NOTES, is now on sale with index and appendix. Price 1s. 2d. post free. Moreover—

DEAN HOLE'S STORY.

ONE of the best stories told by Dean Hole in his "Memories," is of an old-fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who, one noon found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building.

The verger hastened up to him, and said, in a tone of indignant excitement: "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning, and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."

ECHOES FROM HORSES' SKULLS.

THOSE curious twists and turns superstitions take are to be found in the introduction of horses' skulls in or about the church buildings in England and Scotland, the reason alleged being to help the sound in church.

This habit is unquestionably a relic of heathenism, where an animal was sacrificed. Some years ago, when an old meeting-house in Edinburgh was pulled down, the sounding board space above the pulpit was found to be filled with horses' skulls.

In some parts of England there still exists the idea that if a horse's head is buried in a field there will be an echo.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR PATSY.

CORPORAL McCaffery was in a raging temper, that was plain; and he could hardly keep his forage-cap at the proper angle of forty-five on account of the wrinkles in his forehead.

"What's up, Dennis, where's the fire?" asked an intimate friend, as McCaffery bounced into the canteen.

"Is it a foire, begorra, ye're naming? If Oi catches a-hould o' that Patrick McGlyn, Oi'll make him wish himself by his foireside at Kilsillagan. Ye'll see if I don't just give a new coat o' paint to those two black eyes of his."

"What's he been doing of, Dennis, me son?" said one of the boys.

"Oi'll just tell yez all. He knows as well as inny of yez that only last week Oi was gazetted 'corporal,' and look yez here now, the spalpeen has sint me a litter 'To Dennis McCaffery,' and marked it 'private,' the scoundrel! Oi'll let him know fwhat it is to insult the honour of a full-blown 'offisier.' Oi'll show him 'private!' be jabers if Oi don't."

When Dennis meets Patsy, trouble is expected.

WHAT PUNISHMENT BY THE KNOT MEANS.

WE read of crimes and cruelties perpetrated in days long, long gone by, and, with a pitying sigh for the wretched sufferers, we thank Heaven that the blessed light of civilisation illuminates the nineteenth century. We do not realise that a government so-called Christian, even to this day, can wantonly cause such heart-rending sufferings as Russia metes out to Poland.

To be exempt from corporal chastisement is one of the privileges of a Russian nobleman; yet this does not prevent the torture being applied to Polish political prisoners even when they are of noble blood.

The subject, albeit a sad one, is not without a certain interest, particularly when we recall the memory of brave men and braver women who have yielded up a weary life whilst undergoing this, the most cruel of tortures—the knot.

The knot is a strip of hide, a thing which is steeped in some preparation, and strongly glazed, as it were, with metal filings. By this process it becomes both heavy and excessively hard; but before it hardens care is taken to double down the edges, which are left thin, and in this way a groove runs the length of the thong.

The upper part winds round the hand of the executioner; to the other end a small iron hook is fastened. Falling upon the bare back of the sufferer, the knot comes down on its concave side, of which the edges cut like a knife. The thong thus lies in the flesh.

The executioner does not lift it up, but draws it towards him horizontally, so that the hook tears off long strips. If the executioner has not been bribed, the victim loses consciousness after the third stroke, and sometimes dies under the fifth.

The scaffold is an inclined plane, to which the man is tied with his back uncovered. The head and feet are firmly fastened, and the hands, which are knotted together, go round below the plank, any movement of the body becoming impossible. Another method of administering this terrible form of punishment will be found illustrated in the article elsewhere upon Siberian convicts.

After receiving the prescribed number of strokes, the poor wretch is untied and, on his knees, undergoes the cruel punishment of being marked. The letters "V" or "—meaning thief or malefactor—are printed in sharp-pointed letters on a stamp, which the executioner drives into the forehead and into both cheeks, and while the blood runs, a black mixture, of which gunpowder is an ingredient, is rubbed into the wounds; they heal, but the bluish scar remains for life.

WHAT IT WANTED.

A CERTAIN wine manufacturer was arrested for selling "artificial" wine, i.e., wine made from articles other than the grape. The medical testimony was decisive, and he was fined.

A few days after he met the expert and invited him to have something at the nearest bar. Whilst in friendly conversation there he said:

"Doctor, how was it you could tell my wine was artificial?"

"Very easily," answered the expert. "All natural wines contain bitartrate of potash; yours had none."

"Thank you very much," replied the wine merchant. "The next time you have to test my artificial wines I'll wager you that you'll find enough bitartrate of potash to convince you that they are natural."

OLD-FASHIONED WORKMEN.

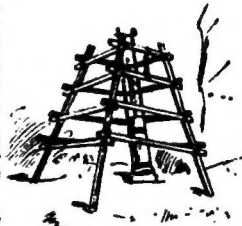
JAPANESE workmen are extremely ingenious; they seem to find a way of overcoming every difficulty.

If they are required to move a heavy box from one place to another, four of them will take hold of it, one at each corner, and by a peculiar juggling motion jerk it into a certain position. They make human levers of themselves, and giving a loud guttural grunt at each step they take, they start off at a rapid pace. The strain may make them bow-legged, and red-faced, but they will never relinquish their task.

If the Japs want to drive a pile in the ground, they will first put together a large wooden structure, built on an Eiffel Tower principle, and tied together with rice-straw. A heavy iron-tipped beam of Japanese cedar is so arranged that it will easily slide up and down. Four ropes are attached to this cedar, passing over pulleys, and then into the hands of the coolies.

At a given word they start off running in different directions, thus raising the beam until it is at the top of the structure. Then the "King-pin" or foreman shouts "Ki-Hi," and all hands leave go of the ropes, and the beam comes thundering down on to the pile, which is thus easily driven in.

The Japanese workman's tools are most primitive affairs. The saw for instance is simply a sheet of steel about eight inches square roughly notched with teeth. This is set into a handle measuring as a rule about two feet in length. With this clumsy instrument, however, is able to accomplish an immense amount of work.



"How does the milk get into the cocoa-nut?" asked a subscriber. It does not get into it at all. The cocoa-nut grows around the milk. Ask us a hard one.

LITTLE INNOCENT: "Which figure in the quadrille do you like best, Mr. Spooner?"
Enamoured Youth: "Yours, Miss Lambertson."

"I SAY, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate?"

"I put it there. It is upon that spot where a tourist once gave me five marks."

"WHO is happier?" asked a young man of a father, "a millionaire, or a man who has seven daughters?"

"The man who has many daughters."

"Why so?"

"He who has a million pounds wishes for more; the man who has seven daughters does not."

BLINKERS: "All this talk about cabmen overcharging is nonsense. I use cabs whenever I am out with my wife, and the drivers never try to get a penny more than the regular fare."

Winkers: "How do you manage?"

Blinkers: "Very simply. I merely remark in a loud tone to my wife that I'm glad she's got through with her shopping at last. After the cabman hears that he sighs a great sigh, and is thankful to get out of me what I actually owe him."

ONE of the greatest London surgeons related an interesting experience lately. During the probationary years when he was "walking the hospitals" of Paris in the days before chloroform or other narcotics were in use, he attended an operation. When it was over, the complete immobility and silence of the patient held the students and other onlookers in awed suspense. After a moment, seeing still no sign of the agonies they knew that the patient must be enduring, they exclaimed in one breath: "He is dead—he is dead!" "No, mesieurs," one of the chief surgeons answered; "he is not dead; he is simply English!" This could, no doubt, be taken as a hit at the phlegmatic temperament of the Anglo-Saxon; but another and equally justifiable interpretation is sweet to one's national pride.

A BICYCLE FOR EVERYBODY.

£10 Saved is £10 Gained.

NOWADAYS, everybody, man and woman alike, has taken to cycling—everyone, that is to say, who can afford to buy a bicycle. Fewer people can afford to buy a bicycle than ought to be the case. Why? Because nobody likes to risk their limbs upon an inferior machine which may break down, while the higher grade machines in which absolute reliance can be placed are sold at a price which makes the possession of them an impossibility to any but persons with a considerable amount of money to spare.

It has for years past seemed to me that the high grade bicycle was sold at an excessive price. The figures asked were all right in the days when bicycles were sold in dozens. Now, when they are sold in thousands, this price becomes undeniably too high.

I have entered into a contract with one of the largest bicycle manufacturers in the kingdom—a firm possessing a reputation second to none for perfection of workmanship. I have had their machines tested in every conceivable way by experts, and am told by men who make their living by deciding such questions, that in every respect they are equal to any bicycle made.

I have contracted with this firm to supply me with bicycles by the hundred, if necessary by the thousand, and I am prepared to supply these machines to readers of *Pearson's Weekly* on the following terms. I may add that if a bicycle on inspection appears to fall short of what is claimed for it, namely, to be the very best that can be produced, it will be taken back and cash refunded, provided that it has not been injured in any way.

The bicycles are made for ladies and gentlemen, the price of each machine being fourteen guineas. They are fitted with light Roadster Dunlop-Welch 1½-inch pneumatic tyres, rat-trap or ordinary pedals, Brooks's saddle if preferred, reversible handle bar, mud guard, brake, pump-wallet, spanner, and oil-can. The gentlemen's machines are geared to 65, the ladies' to 60. The bicycles are made in various sizes. The weight of the machine is about 30 lbs., i.e., as low as it can be consistent with good wearing capacity. Carter's gear-case—which I am told is the best in the market—will be supplied for 28s. extra, i.e., the exact cost of fitting.

Now these prices are at least £10 cheaper than those of any of the high grade manufacturers. £22 to £27 is the cash price of the best machine that is made by the Humber, Premier, Singer, or the Coventry Machinists' firms, to mention no others. But PEARSON'S BICYCLES and HOME NOTES BICYCLES, as they are to be called, are guaranteed to be in every respect, equal to these machines. Every machine will, I believe, be a good advertisement for the paper whose name it bears, and this is sufficient reward for the trouble in undertaking the business, besides the natural wish one has to benefit subscribers, if possible.

These bicycles are being sold at cost price. Cash must accompany orders, and if a crate is thought desirable 2s. 6d. extra should be forwarded. Machines will be consigned to their destinations, carriage forward. Orders will be executed in rotation with the least possible delay.

THE "Epigram" Competition proved most popular amongst our readers. Pencil-cases have been forwarded to the following fifty competitors:

G. H. Ball, 20, Mount Street, Penzance; Miss A. Norman, 201, High Road, Lee, S.E.; T. Brown, The Manse, Bandon, Cork, Ireland; P. Sweeney, 12, Hartnup Street, Anfield, Liverpool; C. Fendergrass, 28, Livermore Road, Dalton, N.E.; F. Gardner, The Hospital, Biggleswade, Beds.; C. Carter, Long House, Cowfold, Sussex; A. Watson, 44, Barge Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire; A. Edwards, 11, Gethin Row, Penryn, nr. Portsmouth, South Wales; E. Turner, 131, Huddleton Road, Holloway, N.; T. Cox, 47, Copley Road, Doncaster; R. Charman, 8, Limber Vale, Borough Hill, Croydon; E. Hall, The Lodge, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.; A. Meredith, 28, Denmark Road, Kilburn, N.W.; P. Barille, 19, Hanover Square, Leeds; T. Neilson, Angles Barracks, Portsmouth; E. White, 2, Oulery Park Road, Hanwell, Middlesex; Mr. Legge, 22, Swiss Road, Shepherd's Bush; A. Mackay, 6, India Street, Glasgow; T. Smith, 12, Brookdown Terrace, Saltash; G. Anderson, Dalton, Newton, nr. Glasgow; H. Gillan, 18, Wellington Square, Ayr; Mrs. Lyons, Summer Hill, Warrenpoint, co. Down, Ireland; T. Fordha, 22, Wellesley Terrace, Kilburn Lane, N.W.; Mrs. Ditchfield, Ivydene, 15, Avenale Road, Southampton; F. Corbett, 17, Alderbrook Road, Balham, S.W.; G. Smith, 78, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury; F. Mack, 44, Stanton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss B. Gray, 14, Victoria Road, Barnsley, Yorkshire; J. Cook, Gowrie Cottages, Corstorphine, N.B.; A. B., 4, Egypt Street, Warrington; W. Barbet, Newland Place, Newtown, Eastleigh, Hants; W. Procter, 12, Portman Road, Norbiton; C. Naylor, Chapel Lane, Spalding, Lincs.; C. Norman, 201, High Road, Lee, S.E.; W. Robinson, Emberton Mill, Chatham, Kent; G. Green, 124, Hollydale Road, Peckham; L. Bell, 12, Post Chamberland, Surrey; E. Hornby, 28, Ruraria Street, Stockport; Mrs. Manchester, 14, Ruraria Street, Stockport; Mrs. Taylor, 1, Glen Villa, Meadow Road, Loughborough; H. Mallett, 3, The Priory, Loughborough; J. Fitzgerald, 28, East Main Street, Tipperary, Ireland; W. Cotterill, G.W. Railway Station, Drogheda; E. Cleave, Church Street, Chesham, Mon.; W. Jones, 7, Grand Ave, Street, France; A. Butler, 4, Sidney Road, Homerton, N.E.; D. Mace, 2, O. Bannana, Donegal, Ireland; T. Barry, Fyde Street, Boston; G. Bosh, 4, St. Martin's Terrace, Salisbury.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Final War.

The Story of the Great Betrayal.

BY LOUIS TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST F. SHERIE.

SUMMARY.

TIME, 1898. War is declared against Great Britain by the combined Continental Powers. An attack on Worthing is repulsed. Irene, daughter of Lord Eskdale, British Ambassador at Paris, is captured by Captain Edward Harrington, Lord Eskdale's Military Attaché, and Lieutenant Rodney, of H.M.S. *Magnificent*, to Harrington's sister Ethel.

A marvellous magazine rifle, invented by a Mr. Thompson, is tested. The torpedo-boat destroyer, the *Hornet*, with Rodney in command, leaves Gibraltar to prevent the French from seizing the Suez Canal. Outpacing the French fleet the *Hornet* succeeds in blowing up the canal, and returns triumphantly to Perin. The council of the allies at Paris is aghast at the destruction of Suez and the news that the Straits of Gibraltar are blockaded.

The great naval engagement between the allied Powers and the British results in victory for the latter. Russia meanwhile obtains Port Arthur by secret treaty; this bait it offers to Japan in return for the loan of her fleet. Australia is threatened.

Preparations are made for the invasion of France and Germany. Havre is chosen as the point of attack with the object of gaining Paris. For a whole day the town is bombarded; towards evening a secret landing is effected opposite Blerville. As the news reaches Havre the weary French forces advance to repel the attack. A terrific engagement follows, and Captain Harrington gains the V.C. After a stubborn resistance the French are routed, and that night the British enter the city. An exciting race takes place between the war correspondents, and the representative of the *Times* gets ahead.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT "THE TIMES" DID.

THE *Times* correspondent was Lord Dunraven.

When he reached the cabin of the *Enchantress*, where an expert typewriter was awaiting him, he methodically arranged his notes, secured the current copies of the Army and Navy Lists, and devoted a good half-hour's thought to his subject before he uttered a word.

Then he started, and by the time the yacht had drawn up alongside the landing-stage at Southampton a ten-thousand word report, fully descriptive of the bombardment, the landing of the troops, and the battle itself was ready to be telegraphed to London. A *Times* official met his lordship as he stepped ashore, and told him that a large staff of telegraphists, with two Wheatstone instruments, were awaiting him at the post-office. For this reason the editor had departed from his original intention of securing the delivery of the "copy" by special train.

Lord Dunraven drove rapidly to the post-office, and having handed in his careful message, demanded from the postmaster the use of the telephone.

"You cannot reach the *Times* office by that means," was the reply. "The wire only extends to St. Martin's-le-Grand, and we are forbidden to switch on to the National Telephone Company's system."

His lordship was about to burst forth into a bitter oburgation on red tape and its absurd restrictions when the postmaster continued:

"Those are the rules, but I'm jiggered if I don't break 'em. I'll have you through in half a minute, sir. Kindly step inside and sit down in front of the instrument." Then curiosity overcame the claims of duty, and he added: "Perhaps you'll tell us the news, sir, after you have finished."

It was five minutes past six, and the only cause of the excellent postmaster's momentary stiffness about the telephone lay in the fact that had the long telegraphic message been delivered for transmission a minute before the hour he could have charged a shilling for every seventy-five words instead of the cheaper press rate for night work.

The managing editor of the *Times* in person answered the telephone, and the following curious conversation took place:

"Who's there?"
"Dunraven."
"Oh, I'm Moberley Bell. Had a good passage?"
"First-rate. We've taken Havre!"
"Capital. How much?"
"I beg your pardon?"
"How much copy have you sent?"
"Five columns. It is now on the wire."
"This is superb. Where are the rest?"
"The rest of what?"
"The other newspaper men."
"About two hours behind me, I reckon."
"Ah, that just suits my plans. Now dictate me about three hundred words of the events of the past two days."

Lord Dunraven gave Mr. Moberley Bell the desired synopsis, adding, at the conclusion of the recital, "I'm off back again after I've bought some things I'm short of, and the telegraphists assure me the message has gone through all right."

"Very well. There will be a cable laid by the middle of the week. Good-bye, and good luck!"
"Just one final word. I am short of cigars. Send some. The Chief's staff would appreciate a few boxes."

At 7.30 p.m. Lord Dunraven bought a copy of the *Southern Echo* containing, "by the courtesy of the editor of the *Times*," a reproduction of his telephonic message, and the following remarkable announcement:

"The proprietors of the *Times* have purchased the use of our printing machines for the remainder of this evening, and a special edition of the *Times* will be issued from this office at 8.30 p.m. containing a full descriptive report of the capture of Havre. Similar arrangements have, we understand, been made in every important town in the United Kingdom."

When Mr. Chauncey quitted the *Racer* at the landing-stage at eight o'clock the first person he met was Lord Dunraven.

"Been here long?" he inquired.
"Two hours," was the laconic reply, and his lordship handed the American the paper he was reading.

Chauncey cast his eye over the double-loaded paragraphs already referred to. He was too good a fellow to bear malice, so he smiled as he said:

"It's a clean scoop. You might wait five minutes and take me back. I guess we taught you a bit whilst you were trying for the Cup!"

By special resolution, Parliament sat every day during the war at six p.m.

The House had barely opened when Mr. Balfour entered, and his obvious excitement as he intervened in a debate concerning the remission of income tax on small incomes, sent a thrill through the Chamber.

"We have occupied Havre!" he shouted, and the yell with which his news was received departed from all Parliamentary precedent. Mr. H. W. Lucy devoted a large part of his "Sketch in the House" to comparison of that particular cheer with the usual *roulade* of applause which obtains in St. Stephen's, and came to the conclusion that the record established on the night of the downfall of the second Gladstone Ministry—when Lord Randolph Churchill gave the time by jumping on to the front Opposition bench—was hopelessly broken.

The Leader of the House exclaimed, as soon as he could obtain a hearing, that the only intelligence received by the Government was that placed at their disposal by the *Times*. "But," he added, "this is not the first occasion when a great newspaper has outpaced the authorities in the conveyance of news of national importance and rendered signal service to England by its enterprise and resource."

For one fierce moment Dr. Tanner longed to leap to his feet and cry "Remember Pigott!"

But he was now the pampered hero of the House of Commons, and his popularity was too new-born to be exposed to the chill blast of an untimely interruption.

At Exeter Hall a May meeting of the Peace Society had assembled in earnest conclave. Speaker after speaker had urged that the present iniquitous war only demonstrated more clearly the imperative necessity for general disarmament and international arbitration, when the deep roar of a vast crowd in the Strand penetrated to the spacious room where the members of the society were gathered.

Suddenly a young cleric entered with a newspaper in his hand, and gave it to the chairman. Lady Henry Somerset, who was delivering an impassioned address on the horrors of war, paused as the elderly chairman rose from his seat.

"Brethren," he said, "it is given here, on the responsibility of the *Times*, that the English arms have prevailed, and that the French are in full retreat along the north bank of the Seine."

No member of the Peace Society ever afterwards alluded to the scene that followed, but the room was not required for the evening meeting.

And imperial London herself, gathered together in the stupendous majesty of her millions, tossed her head in mad delight at the news. Her people raced through the streets and did absurd things in the delirium of their joy.

Distinctions of class and rank disappeared in the face of such glad tidings, and fabulous prices were given for copies of the late edition of the *Times*, which was turned out at the rate of a million copies an hour, every printing machine in Fleet Street being utilised, as the elements of journalistic competition did not enter into that pan of national rejoicing.

It was afterwards estimated that four million copies of the *Times* were sold that night throughout the country at a recognised cost of one penny each.

The great paper next day modestly confined its references to the feat to a bare enumeration of the different journals by whose kindly help it was enabled to supply Great Britain and Ireland with the intelligence so eagerly looked for.

"The cost of the undertaking amounted to about £5,000," said the *Times*, "and the proceeds of the sales will probably leave a profit of an equal sum. We have determined to devote that amount to head a list of donations which we ask from our readers for the purpose of providing the

necessary funds for an organisation which will be named the Army Aid Society.

"This Society will undertake to supply our armies in the field with such medical comforts and other simple but necessary luxuries as cannot in the nature of things be arranged for departmentally."

"It will be administered by two members of Parliament, two experienced commissariat officers, two army chaplains, and two doctors, who, with the managing editor of the *Times*, will form a committee of nine persons charged with the efficient and discriminating purchase and distribution of the requisite articles."

Thus was inaugurated the famous Society which did so much during the subsequent progress of the war to lighten the suffering of the troops serving abroad and to cheer their rare moments of relaxation.

Money was subscribed in tens of thousand of pounds, and the Army Aid Society kept Tommy well stocked with extra clothing, blankets, costly surgical appliances, wines, preserved fruits and pickles, selected brands of tobacco, books, periodicals, musical instruments, and the like.

Never was fund so successful, and never had a philanthropic proposal received so magnificent a send-off as £5,000 from the originating journal.

It may be here mentioned that months later, when Lord Dunraven was the guest of the evening at a banquet given in his honour by the staff of the *Times*, Mr. Walter, the principal proprietor, presented him with a handsome volume containing a copy of every newspaper which had published the *Times*' report on that eventful night.

In sheets of many sizes and different colours, in every variety of type and headline display, they formed a unique and remarkable collection, of which the recipient might well be proud.

The only man in London who was not carried away by the exultation of the moment was Lord Wolseley.

With characteristic caution he waited calmly until Lord Roberts's dispatch had arrived, and he then closely questioned the staff officer who brought it regarding various passages in the longer report the latter had prepared.

Still the Commander-in-Chief's face wore an anxious expression. He passed some time at the United Service Club, and then returned to his rooms at the Horse Guards.

Realising that he could not sleep, and that departmental work was impossible at so late an hour, he took a small volume of "Plutarch's Lives" out of an inner pocket of his overcoat, and settled himself in an easy-chair with a cigar.

But ever and anon he started to his feet and paced the room with quick, uncertain strides, as the same perplexing problem presented itself to his mind. By sheer force of will he would resume perusal of the book and lose himself in its marvellous pages, until some chance allusion would again conjure up the difficulty which he had resolved to dismiss as impossible of solution until the next day should have passed.

On Sunday morning the Adjutant-General, on his way to the Horse Guards, encountered thousands of Londoners hurrying to church and chapel to return thanks to Providence for the victory vouchsafed to England, and to ask aid and sustenance in the future.

Entering Lord Wolseley's apartments he was surprised and alarmed at the haggard appearance of his chief.

"Have you had no rest?" he said, with some degree of perturbation.

"No. I have spent the night in reading and smoking and thinking—the latter unwillingly."

"Let me send out for some breakfast," said Sir Redvers Buller. "You must not allow yourself to run below par in this fashion."

"I will take some tea, thank you, Buller," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "but I can neither eat nor sleep until I have heard from Evelyn Wood. Roberts has won half the game; the other half is settled by this time, but we cannot know before to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW GERMANY WAS OUTWITTED.

WHEN Sir Evelyn Wood was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Germany he evinced no misgivings as to the enormous task intrusted to his charge.

He reported himself in due course at the Horse Guards, and commenced to discuss the plan of campaign with the utmost coolness.

"You have not been long in making up your mind on your scheme of attack," observed Lord Wolseley.

"It has been thought out for at least five years," was the grave but startling reply.

Lord Wolseley looked at him in astonishment.

"Sir," explained the gallant General, "I have deemed it my duty to make myself acquainted with both the strength and the weakness of the defences of every first-class power in Europe. War bursts out when least expected, and—to speak without arrogance—I have had my plans for the invasion of every country on the Continent complete and pigeon-holed for years."

"Perhaps we had better examine your scheme in conjunction with the suggested operations prepared by the Intelligence Department," was Lord Wolseley's reply. "But your zeal is worthy of you."

Sir Evelyn showed that he appreciated his chief's kindly words.

"I have my plans, it is true," was his courteous answer, "but I have not the genius to foretell precisely how they will fall out."

It was a delicate compliment to the most brilliant quality



of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Wolseley smiled, for compliments are rare things in the mouth of Sir Evelyn Wood, and the two soldiers proceeded to examine minutely the proposed method of attack upon the German coast.

For three hours they were closeted together in private conference, and when Sir Evelyn rose to depart, Lord Wolseley shook him warmly by the hand.

"It is an audacious stroke that you propose," he said; "certainly one that the enemy will not expect."

"That," Sir Evelyn replied, "is its chief claim to consideration."

The Commander-in-Chief nodded in agreement.

"It needs all the skill and daring of a brave and experienced officer," he observed quietly, "and we are fortunate in possessing such a man. The northern defence of Germany is terribly complete. From Hamburg to Dantzic the coast bristles with the strongest fortresses in Europe. But I have confidence in your plan despite its danger. God speed you."

And Sir Evelyn Wood departed to attend to the preliminary arrangements for one of the most desperate ventures in the history of the war.

He was a soldier eminently fitted for such an enterprise. A skilful tactician and a finished master in the handling of troops or the judgment of a position, he was also singularly untrammelled by traditions. He was quick in invention and suffered no conventional axiom to stand in the way of a novel or daring manoeuvre.

His coolness was as striking as his brilliancy. On one occasion, when in command of a body of troops in the Transvaal, he was approaching the lines alone in the early morning, when, not heeding the challenge of the sentry, he was fired at. The ball passed through his helmet.

Stepping up to the horrified soldier, who now recognised him, he observed calmly:

"Young man, next time you challenge, shout louder, and next time you shoot, aim lower!"

It was this phlegmatic, yet resourceful soldier, who was intrusted with the attack upon the German Empire. And his scheme was extraordinary in its sheer daring.

About 200,000 men were detailed for service against Germany, together with a powerful fleet under the command of Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C.

The troops were formed of mixed battalions, for both the militia and the volunteers were drawn upon, and were massed at three great centres along the east coast. At Hull, the southern army corps, headed by the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Coldstream Guards, the 2nd Battalions of the Buffs and the Royal Fusiliers, with the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Battalions of their attached militia and volunteers, formed a splendid brigade under the command of Lieutenant-General Guyon. The [Northumberland Fusiliers, the York and Lancaster Regiment, the Yorkshire Regiment, and several northern battalions gathered at Newcastle, whilst the Seaforth Highlanders, together with the Connaught Rangers and their militia, were noticeable among the troops massed at Leith. Few in numbers, indeed, this army was for its purpose; but none could be finer in discipline, in record, or in reputation.

On Thursday morning a small but powerful fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, left the Humber with half-a-dozen troopships and made its way in the direction of Tronning and the Kiel Canal. Scarcely had it reached the noble water-way that joins the Baltic and the North Sea, than, in the dusk of the evening, a strong contingent of warships, conveying an immense number of troops, was noted by fishermen in the Kattegat steaming rapidly into the Baltic.

The most precise orders had been given to Sir Nowell Salmon. He was to attack the approaches of the Canal with as much fury as possible, and to keep up the fire without ceasing for three days. He was to make a feint of attempting to land troops; but against the actual accomplishment of this he was strictly warned.

"Why, I shall draw upon myself the entire German forces," exclaimed the Admiral when Sir Evelyn Wood gave him his instructions.

"I trust so!" said the General significantly.

With these strange orders the fleet had steamed across the German Ocean, and in less than a day came in sight of the fortress which commands the entrance to the Canal. The project on which they were embarked seemed to everyone fantastic.

"Where are the rest gone to?" grumbled Captain Rowlett of the Northumberland. "Are we to waste ourselves on the impossible?"

"Don't be alarmed," the Admiral reassured him. "You need not flatter yourself there will be no fighting."

"But attacking the canal in this way with a dozen ships—what is our object?"

"What?" repeated Sir Nowell; "Why, to look like two dozen, and fight like two hundred. By George, if it is not a big enough job to persuade our friends the enemy that a few second-class cruisers are the entire British Navy, you must be hard to satisfy!"

"Ah!" said the commander more cheerfully, "if fighting will lead them to that conclusion, I'll guarantee they'll be perfectly convinced by nightfall."

And he went off contentedly to see that his ship was in proper trim.

Within two hours the British ships had opened fire upon the town of Tronning, and the banks of the canal for the first time in its history reverberated with the ceaseless sound of cannon.

As the day closed the authorities at Berlin received

word that a strong detachment of the British Navy conveying many troopships, had appeared at the entrance of the Kiel Canal and that Tronning was in imminent danger of capture. The defensive works had not been completed, the strength of the town was slight, and the activity of the English guns had already made terrible havoc with the fortifications. One attempt had been made to land troops on the south side of the water, but it had failed owing to the gallantry of the German defence. But another was expected, and it was feared, might succeed.

Chancellor Caprivi laughed at the news.

"We must be thankful," he exclaimed, "that daring and stupidity are closely knit. The enemy is good enough to deliver herself into our hands. There is no ally more useful than over-confidence in the foe!"

Overjoyed at the ease of the task before them, the authorities at Berlin sent instructions to all their depots along the north coast. Their army in the locality was not great. Most of the troops were on the borders of France and many were still locked in the Mediterranean or on their way to distant colonies.

One or two of the fortresses along the Baltic had been drawn upon for the ill-fated expedition that had been swept under the waters of the English Channel. There was still, however, a strong force at various northern centres, and by rapid entrainment these were gathered together. On the following morning one hundred thousand men were stationed on the South side of the Kiel canal, waiting to devour the doomed Englishmen as soon as they should venture to seek a footing.

Had the enemy possessed a fleet at this point the English position would have been hopeless. But, as it was, there was security, save in the event of the foolhardy experiment of landing. The fleet kept up a continual and terrible fire, but no attempt was made to come on shore.

Meanwhile, with a clear day's start, the rest of the fleet, with its transports carrying 200,000 men, was, as we have seen, slipping along the friendly sea which opened a passage into the Baltic. It was a race against time. Everything depended upon the point they aimed at being reached before the enemy were aware of the ruse and could muster troops to meet them.

Nor was it a difficult task to maintain secrecy. Held alike by interest and ties of blood, Denmark had engaged itself to a neutrality that should by its very strictness favour an English invasion of Germany. The Government had pledged its word to permit no intelligence of British movements around Danish shores to pass the frontier.

Without a fleet in the seas, with only a stray gunboat or two lying in the harbours of Dantzic and Kiel, there could be no resistance by Germany to a strong advance. But with a secretly hostile neighbour, and opposed by skilled manoeuvring and the stratagems of accomplished generals, there could not be even intelligence of what was going forward.

Shortly after dusk on the night, when a powerful German army was concentrated at the entrance to the Kiel Canal, the British fleet had crossed the western bend of the Baltic, and, but for a haze over the sea, might have descried upon the horizon the lights of the town of Stralsund.

A small, irregular, and ugly place, with narrow ill-paved streets and all the gloom of squalid decline, sole amongst its virtues Stralsund possessed a spacious harbour, into which vessels of fifteen feet draught might proceed safely, and with ample accommodation in its entrance channel for the biggest ships afloat. Across the straits lay the island of Rugen, and, mid-way, the tiny island of Danholm dotted the water, heavy with fortifications.

Stralsund lay amid marshes which could only be traversed by broad roads built upon reclaimed land, with occasional bridges across water spaces. Thus isolated, it seemed a spot which no man would dream of attacking. And so, indeed, the German generals had considered; for they had not hesitated to weaken its garrison by drafts taken to form the force that attempted to invade England, and still later for the army that menaced the little fleet at Tronning.

Its guns commanded the sea, its morasses and lakes cut off the foe by land. So secured, a handful of men, it was reasoned, should be enough to defy the world.

It was this strange place, Stralsund, with its island, its shallow harbours, its marshes, and its fortress, that Sir Evelyn Wood had decided to make his point of attack. Here he would set foot upon German soil.

The favouring darkness shrouded the fleet as it sped silently upon its way. The general knew that in six hours the fate of his daring sloop upon the German coast would be irrevocably determined.

His scheme was indeed audacious, but one element was in his favour. The depth of water enabled him to creep in close to the shore, and he felt confident that he would be able, before the enemy realised what had happened, to land a strong brigade of cavalry and two batteries of horse gunners upon the coast some five miles from the line of fortifications.

He summoned to him Colonel Sir S. W. Lockhart.

"Colonel Lockhart," he said, "we have reached the crucial point in a desperate adventure. All now depends upon individual courage. I have chosen you to command one of the finest brigades of cavalry that the British army could put under one man's charge. Upon your pluck and that of your men is staked the complete success of my plan of operations."

Colonel Lockhart flushed with pleasure.

"Stralsund," continued the General, "is a very strong place. It might appear impregnable. It has so appeared to the German commander. I will not deny its extraordinary advantages, but, Colonel, these very advantages may be applied to effect her ruin. It is to secure this that I am going to disembark your brigade. I will give you the Scots' Greys, the Carabineers, and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards. With them go D. and E. Batteries of the Horse Artillery. You will find, shortly after gaining the shore, that a strong, broad military road, built on the treacherous

soil, leads to Stralsund. The town at its rear is connected by bridges with the solid country that stretches beyond the morass. These bridges make attack difficult from land. But they also make escape impossible if they are taken and a double fire is opened on the town."

"I comprehend your plan," assented the Brigadier.

"Your duty, sir, is, at all hazards and at all sacrifices, to take possession of those bridges, to hold them, and then storm the town. If you do so, I will guarantee that an English Army Corps shall be on German soil to-morrow. Fail, and we are routed, expelled, disgraced. There is no alternative."

"If hard riding and indifference to consequence can effect your purpose, sir," replied the Colonel proudly, "you may rely upon the British cavalry doing so."

"I know it. I believe you," answered Sir Evelyn, a little affected. "Go: I shall open fire on Stralsund and upon the island. Under cover of my guns you will land and carry out your movement. Good-night. We will meet at Stralsund to-morrow."

Thus speaking, he dismissed him.

By this time the night had come, dark and perplexing, for great clouds rolled along the skies and swallowed up the young moon. Little more than five miles off lay the unconscious town with its empty harbour, whilst from the shore the melancholy wastes of humid earth stretched lonely and silent toward the gentle pasture lands of Mecklenburg. Stralsund seemed a town in a wilderness, the one secure spot rescued by adventurous man from surrounding horror.

The larger vessels steamed slowly on. Opposite the landing point the sea was alive with boats laden with a freight of men, horses, and guns. Amid such silence as was possible the sturdy craft bore to shore the gallant heroes who were to stake their lives upon the hazard of a chance.

As the third fleet of boats moved off, there came a deafening roar in front. The *Royal Arthur* had already opened fire upon Stralsund.

Roused so rudely from stagnant security, the town became conscious of an unexpected and deadly foe attacking her from her own waters. In a moment fortress and island were alive with soldiers dazed by consternation and bewilderment. And now answering booms declared the challenge accepted. England and Germany were engaged at last.

Amid the din and the terror and all the fury of this shock of arms, the brigade had landed upon foreign soil, unnoticed, unopposed. As the gunners of Stralsund were firing wildly out to sea, a swift and silent avalanche of gallant men was rushing down to destroy the only hope of succour from the mainland.

(To be continued.)

[NOTE.—We want every patriotic Briton to read "THE FINAL WAR." It will rouse his blood and make him proud. We are sending out some hundreds of thousands of a handsome advertising this story. It consists of a summary of the first thirteen chapters. We shall be glad to send this leaflet to new readers, free, if they will send a stamped addressed wrapper. By this means they can read the story from the beginning, and they will be saved the expense of getting back numbers. Again, for a stamped wrapper, we should be glad to send a score of these bills to anyone who would like to draw the attention of their friends to "THE FINAL WAR."]

FIRST PASSENGER: "I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station?"

Second (a traveller of experience): "I presume it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train."

"MAMMA, why do people have noses?"

"Common people, my dear, have noses that they may sneeze and smell, but high-born people like we are have noses that they may express their contempt of common people."

FROM A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.—Son (who is studying bookkeeping): "What is double entry?"

Absent-minded Father (who has had experience): "Putting half in the money drawer and half in your own pocket."

ENTHUSIASTIC ARTIST: "Do you know I painted a picture of a lion so naturally that it had to be placed behind bars."

Enthusiastic Author: "That's nothing. I wrote a novel so full of burning emotion that it had to be printed on asbestos pages for fear of consuming them."

A WISE AGENT.—Wife: "That insurance agent who dined with us last night seemed a very gentlemanly fellow. Is he going to take you, dear?"

Husband: "No. He says I'm too great a risk."

Wife: "Why, there isn't anything the matter with you, is there?"

Husband: "No, no; but he accidentally learnt that you cooked the dinner."

Sir Evelyn Wood, the chief actor in this chapter, is the author of an article in the new number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

FICTION.

A VERSELET.

DOWN toward a pretty lakelet strolled a girl with jetty hair.
Upraised was her charming noselet to inhale the summer air.
With her lovely dark-brown eyelets gazing at the summer sky,
Such a maid was gentle Minnie, hee hee, ha ha, hi hi hi!
Little flowerets hid their headlets by her toelets pressed to earth.
Then they raised them when she'd passed them, breaking forth in joyous mirth,
"Minnie, hee hee, Minnie, ha ha, Minnie, hi hi, where's your beau?
Minnie, Minnie, hee hee, ha ha, hi hi hi, ho ho ho."
On the brooklet of the lakelet stood the maiden Minnie fair,
And the ripplets of the wavelets kissed her footlets white and bare,
Laughing, cried to one another, "This is Minnie, doncher know?
Minnie, hee hee, Minnie, ha ha, Minnie hi hi, ho ho ho!"
'Neath the wavelets sat a crablet, joy depicted in his eyes
As he watched her rosy footlet and prepared a sweet surprise.
When she felt his gentle pinchlet, rang her screamlet loud and far,
Cried the crablet, "Caught ye, Minnie, hee hee, hi hi, ha ha ha!"
From the woodlets strode her beaulet, flushed with anger, brave and grand,
And he grasped a little sticklet in his firm, determined hand;
Seized the crablet by its throatlet, dashed its brains out, then cried he:
"I have won you, Minnie, ha ha! Minnie, you must marry me."
Soon he led her to the churchlet, where the priestlet made them one.
There we'll leave them bridelet, groomlet, happiest pair beneath the sun,
While the bell-lets in the towerlet lift their joyous clappers high,
Ringing loudly, "Happy Minnie, he he, ha ha, hi hi hi!"

BALD BARBERS.—Mr. Weller once asked in a triumphant tone, as if assured that no one could answer his question: "Who ever saw a dead donkey?"

Another mystery quite as profound as that of the disappearance of dead donkeys has existed in every civilised community for centuries, but has hitherto apparently escaped all notice. Who ever saw an aged barber? Of course, the answer is "No one." What, then, becomes of barbers who have passed the age of vigorous manhood? A few words dropped a day or two since by a partially-inebriated barber have furnished a clue.

There are two axioms which are the very foundation of the tonsorial science. These are, first, that no barber is ever bald; and, second, that all barbers have tonics for sale.

All barbers are men under the age when the human hair begins either to turn grey or to disappear altogether. The absence of baldness is, of course, due to this fact, and the question: "Why are barbers never bald?" gives place to the question: "Why are aged barbers never seen?" This is the real mystery which confronts us, and which it is our duty to solve.

Do barbers invariably die at the age of, say, thirty-five, or do they retire from business at that age, and live upon their savings? To neither of these questions can an affirmative answer be returned. Barbers do not die at a certain fixed age, or our death records would show the fact. Neither do they retire and live on their money, as do our retired journalists and other millionaires, for if such was their habit, the retired barber would be frequently met, whereas there is no man living who has ever seen such a phenomenon.

All the public knows at present is that a perpetual succession of young and hirsute barbers ply the razor and sing the praises of tonics, and that in some mysterious way they disappear as soon as they reach the age of greyness and baldness. The reason why they disappear is readily seen. A bald or grey barber would be a complete refutation of the alleged virtues of tonics. No man would put faith in tonics if they were offered to him by a barber with grey hair or no hair at all. Consequently, the middle-aged barber must disappear if the sale of tonics is to be maintained.

We have thus shown why aged barbers are as invisible to the public as are dead donkeys. There remains only a mere question of detail—the question how this disappearance is effected and what is its precise nature. It is upon this subject that the recent remark of an intoxicated barber, to the effect that he had "done the asylum out of two quarters' tonic," throws a lurid light.

What is the asylum to which he was expected to contribute, and what is meant by the mysterious expression "two quarters' tonic?" Let us answer these questions with a hypothesis. Enormous sums of money are annually made by the sale of tonics, and a large and costly asylum could easily be maintained upon a very small portion of the profits of tonics. Let us suppose that all grey and bald barbers are confined in an asylum far from the knowledge of the public and that all practising barbers are compelled to pay quarterly a part of the money received from the sale of tonics to the Trustees of the asylum.

The mysterious remark just quoted is thus made perfectly intelligible. The drunken barber meant to say that for two successive quarters he had withheld his proper contribution to the asylum, and had greedily retained all the money, which, during that period, he had received from the sale of tonics. This hypothesis not only explains an otherwise unintelligible remark, but it explains the disappearance of aged barbers. A hypothesis that explains a certain set of phenomena must be believed until some better hypothesis is put forward, and it is not too much to say that the hypothesis of a barbers' asylum supported by sales of tonics is precisely as credible as the hypothesis of gravitation. The worst of talking so much as barbers do is that you are sure to come to a bad end sooner or later.

The necessity of selling a great deal of tonic in order to support the asylum of aged hair-cutters accounts for the superhuman energy displayed by barbers in selling that famous liquid. The next time a reader of P. W. is urged by his barber to buy a bottle of tonic let him answer that he would prefer to read the report of the Trustees of the asylum before contributing even indirectly to its funds. There can be little doubt that the astonished barber will at once cease to speak of tonics, and that the truth of the hypothesis above set forth will be visible in his confused and guilty countenance.

"He died on the field," she said sorrowfully.
"A soldier?" asked the sympathising friend.
"No, umpire," she replied.

MANAGING EDITOR: "If I could only find a new headline for the birth column."
City Editor: "Why not try 'New Music?'"

SHE: "Do you make love to every girl you know, as you do to me?"
Young Lawyer: "My dear young lady, you should not ask a question that would tend to incriminate the witness."

CORA: "So you are sure her husband had the best of the argument? Did she tell you so?"
Madge: "No; but I heard her say he was a mean, hateful thing, as she went out of the room and slammed the door."

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.
"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard.
"No."
"Then cook them on the top of a slice of ham," said the customer greatly relieved.

"Well, cook, how did you like the sermon?"
"Oh, it were lovely, ma'am, and the text quite professional like."
"What was it, cook?"
"Split peas and suet," replied Mary.
Her astonished mistress discovered by reference to the Bible that the quotation should have been: "Seek peace and pursue it."

MELODY: A Musical Magazine.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE has met with a marvellous success, and its success emboldens us to produce another Magazine, which we hope will be considered by our readers as worthy of support as its elder brother.

It is a Musical Magazine, and is distinctive in the fact that its size will be that of a sheet of music. It will consist of original works by the best and most popular composers. Its contents will be partly vocal, and partly instrumental music. It will be printed on stout music paper. It will be inclosed in a cover bearing a strikingly beautiful design. Its price will be sixpence nett. The first number will appear on February 29th for March 1st. It will be a success. It will be worth your while, if you are at all musically disposed, to order a copy. And that is all I have to say about it this week.

FACTS.

IN Buluwayo butter costs 17s. a pound, while ducks are to be bought at 12s. each.

THERE are seven hundred and twenty-five castles, formerly belonging to war-like chiefs, overlooking the waters of the Rhine.

THE Chinese family doctor is employed by the year. His salary varies from a halfpenny to sixpence a day for each family that he attends.

A LOTION made from tobacco waste is now being manufactured in Russia, and sold for the cure of various skin diseases to which sheep are liable.

THERE has been only one Royal clockmaker, Louis XIV. The Rothschild family have in their possession a clock made by him, for which £33,000 was paid.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES' new play *Michael and his Lost Angel*, was spoken into a phonograph and sent to America for the purpose of its copyright production in New York.

THE so-called "father of cats" is one of the most important personages in a Mohammedan caravan. This cat-shiek carries on his camel about a dozen baskets filled with the ugliest specimens of the feline race.

ALTHOUGH the tradesman's tricycle for delivering goods is by no means a recent innovation in England, it is quite a novelty in America, and was seen for the first time in Boston at the beginning of December, 1895.

IN several of the Dutch towns a birth is announced by exposing a silk pin-cushion, covered and edged with plaited lace at the door. The sex of the child is shown by the colour of this decoration—red for a boy; and white for a girl.

BOWLS, dishes, and plates are made from the hair of rabbits and other animals in Russia. The articles are felted and afterwards varnished. These utensils have the appearance of papier-maché, or varnished leather, and possess the properties of being strong, durable, and exceedingly light.

THE Yellowstone National Park, Idaho, U.S.A., contains several "bottomless holes," which are, according to Geological authorities, dry geysers. Into one of these, known as "Hell's back door," ten thousand feet of line with weight attached has been lowered without touching the bottom.

POLYNESIA is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason, the young man is "sent into the bush" when negotiations are opened with the family of his bride, and he remains there during the subsequent festivities.

A GRAPHIC idea of the immense size of Siberia may be gleaned from the following comparison. All of the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia) and all the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

THERE are three women commercial travellers who go the rounds regularly for drapery houses in the City of London. They put up at the same hotels as their male competitors, and it need hardly be added receive from them every courtesy and assistance. It is said that up to the present they have done fairly well.

THERE is a black cat at present in the sedate seclusion of the Hampton Court cloisters which has spontaneously "sworn off" from all kinds of flesh food. Its favourite diet is uncooked scarlet runner beans, which it eats as an Italian eats macaroni. Cucumbers it likes, and carrots which are boiled, but fruit it will not touch. The Hampton Court cat seems to stand alone in a partiality for food which none of its race could hitherto be induced to look at.

HERE is a gloomy account of experience in North-West Texas. A few years since Vernon was a city of 6,000 inhabitants, with electric lights, street cars, and water works. Now it has barely 1,000, and the street cars and electric lights are things of the past. Sand storms wrought this change. The sand came drifting in, carried by fierce North-West winds from the Great American Desert, and literally covered up the prosperous and growing young city.

KANSAS, U.S.A., has a ladies' smoking club called "The Sparrows." The club room is elegantly fitted up with the most luxuriant furnishings, and contains everything that could delight the heart of a smoker. "The Sparrows" is composed exclusively of young women, the number being limited to nine. When one member marries or leaves the city another lady is selected to fill the vacancy, and it is said there are always several applicants awaiting election.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to February 23rd 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 503.

General Manager for the
Ocean Accident and
Guarantee Corporation,
Ltd.

Robert Paul

Puzzle: Find a notice on this page which will interest every musical person in the world. This is easy—no prize accordingly.

HOW HE FOUND OUT.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Nantes, Brittany, says:

"You often in Paris meet the Breton lads, and instantly recognise them by the cut of their hair. The girls, however little, all wear white caps that conceal every atom of hair, which, together with their wide collars, gives them a very quaint, old-fashioned appearance."

"But," said our guide and *compagnon de voyage*, "you would think these pretty girls had no lovers, for their collars are never rumpled, and it is generally conceded that a lover in the rural districts always implies tumbled curls and collars. How do you suppose they manage?"

"Do without the lover."

"By no means. They just slip their hands under their collars and turn them up like a hedge about their ears. The custom has been handed down from mother to daughter until the most unsophisticated young girl of sixteen knows how to flip up her collar and keep it smooth as well as the wisest."

"How did you find this out?" we asked, much impressed with the amount and character of his information.

"How did I find out? Oh, yes, I—I was told."

PERFORATED SAILS.

AN Italian sea captain, Gio Batta Vassallo, of Genoa, has made a very interesting innovation in the use of sails of ordinary sailing vessels.

He claims that the force of wind cannot fully take effect on a sail, since the air in front of it cannot properly circulate in the inflated part and remains stationary.

He avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls it, by the application of a number of small holes in that part of the sail where the depression is deepest when it is filled. These holes are reinforced like a buttonhole, so that they will not tear out.

Trials made in various weathers have resulted as follows: With a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made four knots, while the new sail increased the speed to five and a quarter knots. In a fresh breeze the respective speeds were seven and eight and three-quarter knots, and in a strong wind they were eight and ten knots per hour.

It stands to reason that the doing away with a layer of air, which cannot escape past the sides of a sail, must increase the efficiency of the sailing vessel. Where the wind formerly struck a cushion of air, which acted like a spring mattress, decreasing the actual pressure of the wind against the canvas, this current of air now strikes the sail direct, and, of course, has a greater efficiency. Vassallo has received much encouragement from practical sailors as well as theoretical scientists.

A BAD BARGAIN.

TRAVELLERS in India need to be very wise or very cautious to withstand the persuasions of gem vendors, who besiege them on all sides. Sir William Gregory says that he once met on a steamer a gentleman who wore a very remarkable sapphire ring, at which he could not help looking.

"I see, sir," said the wearer, "that you are looking at my ring. I bought it in Ceylon. Pray look at it, and tell me what you think its value should be."

"It is a very finely coloured and perfect stone," said Sir Gregory, "but I am not much of a lapidary, and I could not possibly put a value on it."

"Well, make a guess," said the stranger.

Sir William remembered a sapphire ring in his own family, which was valued at £100, and he placed the same price upon the stone before him.

"You are right, sir," said the other. "That was exactly the sum demanded for it; but I got it more reasonably. I was on deck when we were leaving Ceylon, and a well-dressed native came up to me and said mysteriously, 'I have no false jewellery to offer you, sir, but I have come on board to sell a very fine ring, the property of my brother, who, if he does not sell it to-day, will have to go to gaol.' He unrolled the ring from one covering of rags after another."

"I want a hundred pounds for it," said he.

"I answered I would not give so much. He insisted on its cheapness. I said I could not consider half that price."

"We kept on talking, and his price continued to drop until the screw began to move. He turned to me then with a look of supplication, and said: 'Well, what will you give?'"

"What I have in my hand," said I. It was half-a-crown."

"Take the ring," said he.

"May it relieve your brother from going to prison," was my valedictory salute, as he hurried away.

"This is the story of the ring I wear, and I have found that my friend was no loser by the transaction; for the supposed stone is glass, the supposed gold of the setting is brass, and the whole is worth about eight or ten pence."

THE MISERIES OF SIBERIAN CONVICTS.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY ARE.

WITH the exception of the few prisoners who remain in the province of Tobolsk, the whole of the Russian exiles, numbering from 18,000 to 20,000 annually, pass through the *Gubernski* between May and September, en route for the mines beyond Lake Baikal, the Island of Saghalin, and the various other settlements. The majority of the convoys perform the whole distance from St. Petersburg on foot, and the remainder are conveyed by train and barge to Perm, and walk thence to Tomsk.

Small, dirty, ill-ventilated, and with scarcely any attempt at sanitary arrangement, the prison is crowded to excess during the five months of warm weather, and, consequently, typhoid fever is constantly raging. There is absolutely no accommodation for the exiles.

The "Kameras," or public cells, are long, low rooms, disgustingly dirty, into which the unfortunate ones are herded like cattle. Round the walls are wooden shelves about seven feet in width, and upon these the convicts sleep, lying in rows with their heads towards the walls, but without either mattresses, pillows, or bed-clothes, as they are never allowed such luxuries, even on their long and weary march from the capital.

These "Kameras" are totally unfit for human habitation, and so densely crowded are they that only about half the occupants of each can sleep upon the shelves. The sufferings of the unfortunate ones amid this filth and disease, are terrible.

The number of deaths from typhoid average about twenty per week, but often more, and in numberless instances bodies of convicts who have succumbed to fever have been allowed to remain in the crowded "Kameras" for several days. Should a convict complain, he is promptly knouted, and neither sex are spared this punishment. No notice is apparently taken of invalids, for a room originally intended for an infirmary has been converted into a common cell, to accommodate the ever-increasing numbers.

The food given the inmates of these stifling chambers is execrable. Frequently, on arrival, they are half dead from fatigue and hunger, but they actually fare far worse in prison than upon the march. Coarse brown bread and "shtchi," a thin soup made from cabbages, are the two principal articles of prison diet.

The former is thrown to them as to dogs, and as the rations are never sufficient to satisfy all, a fierce fight for a morsel of food usually results. Men ravenously hungry struggle with one another to secure bread, while those who are too ill to move are neglected and are left in corners to die.

The mortality in this prison is enormous. A few months ago it was ascertained by the Provincial Governor then in office that in the whole town, including the prison, the deaths exceeded the births by nearly fifty per cent., whereas exclusive of the prison the births are slightly in excess of the deaths.

As regards the dress of convicts, they are furnished with uniforms before leaving the capital, but if they perform the journey on foot they are in rags long before they reach Tomsk, and when they arrive the majority are almost shoeless and do not possess sufficient clothing to protect them from the intense cold.

Clothing is only served out at stated intervals, and those who wear out their shoes or coats are compelled to go without them until the next clothing day arrives. Those whose destination is Saghalin are usually provided with new clothes at Tomsk, whereas those leaving for the Nertschinsk district continue their journey in the same ragged uniform which they have worn on the journey across European Russia.

Work in quicksilver mines is in reality slow death by torture, as it is impossible to live underground for a longer period than four to five years, and many succumb in a much shorter time. Owing to the action of the metal upon the human system, the hair falls off, the teeth drop out, and the body is racked by acute pains which cause swelling of the joints and intense agony.



A FEAT OF PENMANSHIP.

IN 1866 Robert Stewart, a famous master of penmanship, executed a five-pound Bank of England note with such marvellous accuracy and reality that he was waylaid in the streets one night and robbed of the note by a ruffian who had seen it in his possession a few hours previously. Stewart, indignant at the treatment to which he had been subject, gave chase to the thief, and with the assistance of the police succeeded in recovering the sham note.

At the subsequent police-court proceedings no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion as to the genuineness of the note, which was handed round to the various persons engaged in the case.

A few weeks later, Stewart, who was a personal friend of the cashier of the local (Newcastle-on-Tyne) bank, took the note to him one morning and asked that it might be cashed. In return for it he received five sovereigns, and left the bank.

An hour or two afterwards he paid a second visit to his friend the cashier, and taking him on one side confessed that the note was a forgery, and refunded him the money. The cashier, whose surprise was great, refused to believe the note was a counterfeit, and was not convinced until Stewart had executed another one in his presence.

HIS PROUD PRE-EMINENCE.

SOME years ago a physician named Barber lived in Glasgow. One day he was called to see a man a few miles from that city. It was a serious case, and after doing what he could for the patient, Dr. Barber took his employer aside and said:

"Well, your servant can't get over this. He'll probably be dead before morning. It's a very contagious disease, too, he's got, so you ought to have him buried as soon as you can. I advise you to go and have his grave prepared at once, and as soon as he is dead bury him."

Dr. Barber took his departure and the sexton dug the grave.

But the patient recovered. It was very unprofessional for him to do this under the circumstances, but he didn't die, and that grave became a subject of a good deal of talk. Dr. Barber was continually hearing of it.

Some months later a brother physician died, and the local physicians met to decide what should be done. He had come from England, and it was supposed that perhaps his English friends might want him buried in that country.

"We might inter him temporarily," observed one of the physicians, with a glance towards Dr. Barber. "I understand that our brother here has a vacant grave on hand."

"Yes," retorted Dr. Barber, "I suppose I'm the only doctor here who hasn't got all his graves full."

'PUNCH'S' WEEKLY DINNERS.

FOR over half a century the PUNCH dinners have been held—the staff coming together once a week—and Mr. Spielmann in his history of PUNCH gives many interesting particulars concerning these gatherings. PUNCH's first dining-room was in the Crown Inn, Vinegar Yard.

The present "banqueting hall" is in Bouverie Street, and in the room are a number of relics more or less associated with leading contributors. The table round which the guests sit is described by Mr. Spielmann as not of much account, the top being of plain deal and oblong in shape, with rounded ends.

But its contents render it a treasure among treasures: "For at this table nearly every man upon the staff has, from the day it was made, sat and carved his initials upon it with a penknife when officially elevated to PUNCH's Peerage. As each has died, his successor has taken his place, and he has cut his initials or his mark close by those of the men who occupied the place before him."

"There they are, staring at you from the table like so many Abecedarian skeletons at the feast; and if you take a furtive and hasty peep from the doorway and lift the green protection cloth, you catch sight nearest you of a 'D.M.' in close company with a beautifully cut 'W.M.T.' and a monogrammatic leech inside a bottle, flanked by a 'J.' and an 'L.'; and you gaze with deep interest on the handiwork of them, and of the rest, many of whom have carved their names, as on that table, deep into England's roll of fame."

The dinner now takes place at seven every Wednesday evening. About half-past eight the cigars come on, and then the editor, who always presides, invites ideas and discussion on the subject of the following week's cartoon. When the "big cut" has been decided on, the legend has to be settled. Then the title and legend are written on a piece of paper and handed over to the cartoonist.

"It was at this moment that Shirley Brooks used to throw down his knife to 'cut' any further discussion, and after that symbolic act a more desultory conversation on the other men's work would follow."

LENGTH OF THE LAW.

SOME faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained by adverting to the fact that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV., measures, when unrolled, upwards of 900 feet, or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, within the doors. If ever it should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and unrolling its folds!

A SMART YOUNG MAN.

SMART YOUNG MAN: "Good morning, Mr. Bullion!"
Mr. Bullion (irascible old gent): "Um—ah! Good morn. Remarkable dog you have with you."
"Ya-as; Siberian bloodhound; terribly savage, takes this ox-chain to hold him. If anyone should even look crossly at me this dog would tear him to pieces—yes, indeed. I'm going to have him killed. Too dangerous, you know."
"I should say so."
"Ya-as; must do it in the interest of humanity, you know. By the way, Mr. Bullion, your daughter has accepted me, and I have called to ask your consent."
He got it.

FORTUNES FROM UMBRELLAS.

A JOURNAL indulges in pleasantry because an umbrella maker in Brussels puts on his sign the words: "Furnisher to the Congo State." Perhaps if the journal knew more about the subject it would not think it so funny.
No article sent out to the Congo State, where there are eight millions of people and any number of small potentates, is so popular or sells so readily for a large sum as the huge gay umbrella, of which Brussels now produces several tons every year.
These umbrellas are in a certain sense the insignia of Royalty, that is, they are much prized by the kinglets who sit beneath their grateful shade. What the canopy used to be to the travelling monarchs in the time of the Crusades the umbrella is to the innumerable feudal chieftains of the Congo to-day. The accredited umbrella makers in Brussels are acquiring fortunes.

PAUPER'S HIDE BOOTS.

A DOCTOR in Harrogate had before Christmas a newly-arrived Hibernian for a servant. He had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise-leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of this footwear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he replied, "Porpoise hide."
Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up."
Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded with a horrified air:
"Yer husband is a docther, mum, an' I've heard them docthers do be cuttin' up people, an' didn't I hear um wid me own ears say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide. It's me own ould father that died in the poorhouse, and I wouldn't be servin' a haythen that uses the skins of the poor to cover his dirty feet wid."

THE PALACES OF THE SULTAN.

THE Sultan has no confidence in any of his palaces except that of Yildiz, which he thinks he has so fortified that revolution cannot endanger him. He was frightened almost to death when the Tsar, Alexander II. of Russia, was assassinated some years ago, and his life has been one of continuous unrest. He has, all told, from thirty to forty palaces, a number of which are on the banks of the Bosphorus.
Yildiz is situated on a hill, and its grounds contain acres of ravines, of forests and lakes, of parks and gardens. Not far from it is the great palace of Dolma Bagtche, where Abdul-Aziz, the brother of this Sultan, committed suicide in order that another brother named Murad might be raised to the throne. Murad was pulled down by other conspirators, who declared that he was crazy, and it is said that he is pining in the dungeons of one of the palaces along the Bosphorus.
Abdul-Aziz furnished this Dolma Bagtche palace. He spent £60,000 a year on his harem, and within twelve months expended £120,000 on pictures alone. The rooms—and there are scores of them—are walled with satin, while the hall is ornamented with crystal posts as large round as the body of a man, and more than six feet tall. The palace has luxurious couches and magnificent furniture, but Abdul-Hamid has feared it because it was too near the water, and he has only used it for public receptions. It is said that Abdul-Aziz warned him to keep out of it if he should ever become Sultan, and the result is that he has confined himself to the Palace of Yildiz.

DID SHE GET THE BALLOON?

A HANDSOME young woman with a beautiful girl of four years sat in a crowded Brixton tramcar yesterday. "You've got on mamma's dress, haven't you, Aunt Alice?" remarked the child.
Aunt Alice flushed, and called attention to a balloon man at the street corner.
"Yes, the last time mamma wore that dress in London she bought me a balloon. Will you buy me one, Aunt Alice?"
"Yes, if you'll be good."
"Oh, I'll be good. Do you like mamma's hat? It makes you look awfully pretty, Aunt Alice."
"There, be a good girl. See that woman out there with a little girl."
There was a period of silence, and Aunt Alice breathed a sigh of relief. Then the child inquired:
"Will you buy me a balloon, then?"
"Yes."
"And I can carry it?"
"Yes."
"All right; then take mamma's parasol. I don't want to carry it any longer, 'cause I couldn't carry it and a balloon, too. Haven't you got any best dress of your own, Aunt Alice?"
Aunt Alice pulled the little girl out of the tram by the arm, and the chances are that she got no balloon.

THE MUSCLES IN CYCLING.

THE criticism is sometimes heard that bicycling develops only the muscles of the legs, and is, therefore, inferior in respect to building up the physical structure to other sports. Experience disproves this statement. Indeed, all the important muscles are brought into play. Of course the legs receive the greatest amount of exercise, but the use of the arms, back, and chest is important.
The accompanying cut shows the chief muscles which are used in propelling a bicycle. The arms are needed not only in steering, but they and the back are of special help in hill climbing. When a steep incline is encountered, the legs alone would be unable to supply sufficient propulsive power. The handle bars must be firmly grasped, and the strain on them is great. In fact, they might even be broken if at all defective. This shows how much strength must be put forth by the arms and back.

TEACHER: "Now, Tommy, tell us what the index finger is."
Tommy: "Yes'm; it's that 'un you lick when you turn over th' pages."

WOMAN'S GENTLE SWAY.—"Have a cigar?"
"No, thank you. I've given up smoking entirely."
"You have, eh? Allow me to congratulate you. When is the wedding to take place?"

FIRST TRAVELLER: "Do you understand this Venezuela question that everybody is talking about?"
Second Traveller (emphatically): "I do not, sir."
First Traveller: "Well, I'll explain it to you."
Second Traveller: "You'll have to excuse me. You see, I'm going to be in this train only ten hours."

Entre Nous.

SHORT STORIES.

There is appearing in this paper a brilliant serial story by Miss Winifred Graham, with a comprehensive summary, which serves to remind old readers where they left off, and new readers to begin. It is the best illustrated penny paper published in the world, and overflowing with complete stories written by some of the leading authors of the day.

FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES.

The fourth part, containing nineteen beautiful portraits of prominent actors and actresses, is now on sale, and the price thereof is sixpence.

ISOBEL'S HOME COOKERY.

No. 2 will be published on February 7th. To ladies the title is its own recommendation; to gentlemen, if perchance their dinners are badly cooked, I would say that administered in monthly doses to wives and housekeepers it is the best cure for the complaint. Price 1d.

STORY TELLER.

A new serial story, "The Eccentric Mr. Fenton," has just commenced in the number published on February 6th.

WE MIGHT DO THIS, TOO.

AN instructive and pathetic custom still prevails in Munich. Every destitute child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. On his arrival he is photographed—dirt, rags, and all. After being maintained and educated, when he leaves the institution to begin life, the before-mentioned photograph is given to him and he is required to make a solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was saved and of the kindness shown.
The charity has received many gifts from its reclaimed waifs.

THE BO'SUN EXPLAINS.

A LITTLE time ago on one of the Cunard boats one of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and seeing on the top "*Table d'hôte*," inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it.
"What does this 'ere mean, Joe?"
Joe, taking the menu, gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head, and said:
"I can't make nothing of it. Let's go to old Coffin, he's a scholar, and sure to know."
On giving the menu to the boatswain he thoughtfully stroked his chin, and said:
"Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon haves some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this, a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We haves 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew."

WHERE COTTON REELS COME FROM.

PRACTICALLY all the wood used in making reels for cotton in this country and America is cut in the forests of Maine, but so great is the amount of timber required each year for making these seemingly insignificant articles that Maine will not be able to supply the raw material much longer.
The reels are made of birchwood, and the birch of the Maine forests is the best for the purpose. More than two million feet of timber are shipped to Scotland every year for the use of the great thread manufacturers there, and almost as much is supplied to domestic manufacturers.
The business began in Maine twenty-five years ago, and land that was cut over at that time is now well covered with young trees, but not for twenty-five years more will this timber be fit for use.

CHARON'S BOAT.

ON one of the lakes in the North Island of New Zealand, near Auckland, there was an hotel much frequented by fishermen. On one occasion when a gentleman, whom I will call Mr. X., was staying there, he was taken seriously ill, and the landlord, supposing that he could not possibly recover, began to think of a man who was a pretty fair carpenter and had owed him money for some time, and seeing little chance of being repaid, he told him to make a coffin for the sick man. The coffin was duly made; but Mr. X., instead of dying, recovered, and there was, therefore, no use for the coffin.
The landlord, not caring to be at the expense, included a charge for it in Mr. X.'s bill, who, on seeing it, naturally enough demurred to paying for something which he had not ordered and did not want. The landlord said it was very hard that the loss should fall on him, and Mr. X. at last agreed to pay the cost.
Determined to turn the coffin to some account he had a keel added, and used it as a fishing punt during his stay at the hotel.

NATIONALITY OF EUROPEAN MONARCHS.

It is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, absolutely, as the people governed. The house of Austria, is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis is not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is King of Hungary.
The King of Belgium is a Saxe-Coburg; the King of Denmark a Holsteiner; the infant monarch of Spain is a Bourbon; the King of Italy a Savoyard; the King of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was born at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago; the Czar is a Holstein Gottorp; and the King of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner.
Even in our own royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and, therefore, partly Bavarians and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISABEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Stove Polish mixed with vinegar and a small bit of sugar will gain additional and more lasting lustre.

Keep Cheese, when you have a large piece, in a cool dry place, and wipe off any mould that appears. The cheese should be constantly turned from side to side.

Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coal. Half fill the bottle with water, then add two tablespoonsful of fine coal, and shake well until the vessel is perfectly clean.

Nourishing Soup for Children. Take some stock that is nicely flavoured, boil it gently with half the quantity of milk, and allow two ounces of pearl barley to every quart of liquor. Let all simmer for two hours, when the barley should be perfectly soft. Pass through a sieve, return to the saucepan, and stir till it boils. Serve with chopped parsley.

Imitation Frosted Glass. There is a cheap method of imitating frosted glass which answers very well in a dry place, although steam will make it run. Moisten Epsom salts with strong gum-water and apply it with a rag. When the same appearance is required and the atmosphere of the room is damp and steamy, moisten putty well with linseed oil and paint the panes of glass thinly over with it. (Reply to X. Z., Staffs.)

Another Way of Using Mincemeat may be appreciated by some of my readers who have not yet exhausted their supply of this dainty, and are tired of the usual small pies. Make some light suet crust and with it line a pudding basin. Fill it with chopped apple and mincemeat in equal parts. Cover with crust and boil for two hours. If the above is thought too rich, put layers of the paste between the apple and mincemeat.

The Mustard Sauce which you wish to make should be prepared as follows: Place in a small saucepan two ounces of butter, melt it, and then add two ounces of flour and stir till it browns. Add half a pint of water, and boil till it leaves the sides of the pan. Into this put a teaspoonful of French mustard, ditto ordinary made mustard, the juice of a lemon, and season with pepper, salt, and cayenne. Lastly, stir in slowly two tablespoonsful of cream, make the sauce hot, and serve with fillet steaks. (Reply to ELVAS.)

Tipsy Cake. Take a few stale sponge cakes, divide each in half and spread with preserve, lay them carefully on the top of one another. Sweeten a teacupful of raisin or cowslip wine, and with it soak the sponge cakes thoroughly. Take a teaspoon and ladle the wine that runs from the cake on to it again. When the sponge cake has absorbed all the wine, and the dish is almost dry, pour over a thick custard. Ornament the cake by sticking it all over with blanched almonds cut into thin slices. N.B.—The custard should be made as follows: Boil one and a half pints of milk, adding sugar to taste, and a bay leaf. Let the milk cool, and beat three or four eggs till of a light colour. Mix a tablespoonful of cornflour with a little cold milk, and when it is smooth, add to the beaten eggs, and on both pour the milk, stirring well meanwhile. Place the milk, eggs, etc., in a double boiler, or a jug stood in a panful of boiling water, stir the custard with a wooden spoon whilst it cooks slowly. When the custard thickens on the end of the spoon, it is a sign that it has boiled sufficiently. Let it get cold, stir it occasionally, and then pour gently over the sponge cake. (Reply to INGOT.)

Your Letter was Without an Address, otherwise I should have replied promptly by post. Indeed, you are mistaken, for, far from forgetting babies of from one to two years old, I give them a large share of my attention, especially in FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN. Glancing through the last two issues of that periodical, I find provided for them, a hood and pelisse (Nos. 1663-2, 44d. and 64d., post free, respectively), a pinafore (No. 1553, 44d.), a pretty little frock (No. 1567, 64d.), and the nightdress sketched in the margin (No. 1568), the pattern of which may be had from these offices for 44d. With so many little ones for whom to make clothes, you certainly should invest in the periodical just mentioned, but be sure to order early, for the demand is often far in excess of the supply, although the issue is enormous. (Reply to MOTHER CAREY, Minehead.)



A Number of Beautiful Photographs will be given away with Home Notes paper at intervals during the year. No. 1 is out of print.

Rice Water. Always save the water in which rice is boiled, for it is very nourishing. It can be added to milk, soup, or gravies. When cold it will be nearly a jelly.

The Ink-bottles would not be safe to use for keeping home-made wines. The common use for empty ink-bottles, after repeated cleansing with hot soda water, is as foot-warmers for the bed. (Reply to SARAH PARKS.)

A Dainty Pickle. A peculiar but very agreeable pickle or relish to eat with cold meat is made thus: Grate some apple finely, add it to the same bulk of finely-chopped onion, a few chillies cut small, salt to taste, and enough vinegar to make it into a stiff paste.

Scouring Drops for cleaning collars of coats, etc., are excellent if made from this recipe: Mix one teaspoonful of essential oil of lemon with a wineglassful of spirits of turpentine, and keep it in a bottle tightly corked. Drop a little on a flannel, and with it well rub the greasy parts. (Reply to ELTONS.)

A Plain Icing for Cakes. Place one and a half cupsful of icing sugar in a basin, and add a teaspoonful of lemon essence, or, if preferred, the grated rind of a lemon. Then stir in slowly sufficient boiling milk to make the icing soft enough to spread easily. (Reply to E. S. STONCROFT.)

To Store a Brass Bedstead so that it will not get spoilt I should advise your wiping it with vaseline and then enveloping it in soft rags. The vaseline should be put on thickly, and a common kind will answer the purpose. I should thoroughly sprinkle all stuffed furniture (underneath) with turpentine before storing it. (Reply to DEVONIAN.)

To Restore Pricked Wine. This is not always a successful process, but, as you say the wine is useless now, I advise you to try it. Put one-third of an ounce of tartarised spirits of wine in a bottle of your sour wine, shake the bottle well, then put it on one side for a few days, when it will probably be very much improved, and you can venture on the other bottles in the same way. (Reply to BLACKBERRY.)

The Skipping-rope. I lately heard a doctor recommend a patient suffering from biliousness and disordered liver to "use a skipping-rope daily instead of constantly taking medicine." Why is it, I wonder, that the skipping-rope is so early discarded by girls? If they wish to be really healthy and to develop almost every muscle in the body it will be in constant use. This form of exercise also expands the chest and lungs, so I would strongly urge every young lady who values her health, and has to lead a sedentary life, to keep a skipping-rope and use it. It is well to realise that so many of the diseases common to women come in the first instance from insufficient exercise.

Pork Pies. Take a little over one pound and a half of flour, half a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a pint of water. Boil the lard and water together, pour while boiling on the flour, having previously made a hole. Mix gradually, and let it stand by the fire. Salt should, of course, be added to taste. Take some pork with a little fat, cut it into small square pieces, season them with cayenne, black pepper, and salt, a little mace, and some finely-shredded sage. Mould the pastry as for ordinary raised pies of the size you wish, fill them closely with the seasoned pork, and decorate with paste ornaments. Bake the pies in a slow oven for about two hours, and when cooked add through a hole at the top a little gravy made from the trimmings of pork. The reason that your pastry has not looked correct before, is that it has been baked too quickly. (Reply to EDYTH, Sunderland.)

To Wash Blankets. Before commencing to wash your blankets be sure the day is fine and breezy, when they will dry well out of doors. Cut up some good yellow soap and boil it to a jelly with soft water. Put some of the boiled soap in warm soft water, adding a large tablespoonful of ammonia to every tub of water, with it make a good lather. Wash the blankets in two lathers of this kind, then rinse in plenty of warm water slightly blueed. Wring the blankets as thoroughly as possible, shake them to raise the nap and hang out to dry. The surface of the blankets will be much improved by being shaken twice more during the latter process. Take the blankets in at night before the dew falls, place them in a clothes basket, cover with a cloth, and stand in the kitchen. If possible, blankets should be hung out of doors for three or four successive days to dry thoroughly. (Reply to GUS.)

When Making Stiff Paste add a little powdered glue to the usual quantities of flour and water.

A Dirty Coffee-Pot will spoil the strongest infusion. It is advisable, therefore, to wash and dry it every day after use.

Breakfast Rolls. Take one pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter or lard, one egg, and half an ounce of yeast. Mix the ingredients into a light dough with milk. Let it stand in a warm place to rise for two hours, and then make it into little round cakes, brush over the top with white of egg, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Children's Nails seldom have the necessary care bestowed upon them. Both toe and finger nails ought to be regularly and carefully attended to, and pains taken to cut them round, so as to avoid on the foot the danger of in-growing nails, and to insure their proper use—viz., a protection for the sides as well as ends of both toes and fingers. People should also remember that corns and bunions are usually caused by allowing children to wear ill-fitting boots and shoes. The custom of permitting girls of fifteen or sixteen years old to use high-heeled and pointed-toed shoes is greatly to be deplored.

An Excellent Sponge Cake may be made by carefully following my recipe. Beat the whites of three eggs on a plate with the back of a knife for twenty minutes. Then place the froth in a basin, add gradually six ounces of caster sugar, the well-whipped yolks of the eggs, and beat all together, gradually sifting in four ounces of dried flour. Flavour the whole with essence of vanilla, and pour into a tin lined with greased paper. Bake in a very steady oven for an hour. This may be ornamented when cold with a layer of chocolate or lemon icing. (Reply to D. THOMPSON.)

How to Mend a Mackintosh. Procure a small tin of indiarubber cement, or dissolve some strips of pure indiarubber in naphtha or sulphide of carbon, to form a stiff paste. Apply a little of the cement on the surface of a strip of the material of which the mackintosh is made, which can be purchased by the yard or in remnants from the waterproofers. Apply also a little of the cement on each side of the torn part, and when it begins to feel very tacky bring the edges together and place the patch nicely over, keeping it in position by means of a weight until quite hard, which will be in a few days. (Reply to E. F. FOX.)

Two more Marmalade Recipes have been sent me by readers of this page, who are anxious that I should recommend these methods to my readers' notice. (1) Divide six Seville oranges and two lemons into quarters, remove the pips and pith with a sharp knife. Slice them as thinly as possible. Soak for twenty-four hours in three quarts of cold water. Then turn all into a preserving pan and boil till tender and the chips are clear. Add seven pounds of preserving sugar, and boil for one and a half hours. Place in warm pots, and tie down while still hot. (2) Put six pounds of whole Seville oranges, ditto lemons, into a preserving pan, cover with water, and boil slowly till soft. Lay a plate on the top of the fruit so as to keep it below the water while boiling. When soft take the oranges out, cut in halves, scoop out the pulp and throw away the pips. Scrape the skins free from all white fibre, and cut into very thin strips with a silver fruit knife. Strain the water in which the oranges were boiled through a thick cloth, place it in a pan with twelve pounds of loaf sugar, another quart of water, and the pulp, and boil all together for twenty minutes. Then add the sliced peel, boil for ten minutes, and pot for use. (Thanks, H. C. & D.)

Isobel

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1896. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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DEATH'S DOOR.

WHEN a person at death's door, whose family and friends have taken a last farewell, is miraculously restored to health, there is little wonder that the case should excite interest and give rise to reports, in a small village. Such a case is brought under notice by a local correspondent, who has made a point of ascertaining the facts. This is what he learnt from personal inquiries.



Miss Bessie Portlock, a young woman of eighteen, lives with her parents at Parsonage Cottage, Frilsham, Berkshire. Her father, a type of the good old-fashioned English agriculturist, has lived on the Marlstone Estate for over thirty years, his present employer being Mr. George Palmer, of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, "where the biscuits come from."

The mother is a strong hard-working woman, whose character can best be read in her scrupulously clean and comfortable cottage. When I first saw Bessie, writes the reporter, she was walking down the garden to fetch some coal from the wood-house. She certainly did not look much of an invalid. She wears glasses, but has a pleasant manner, and speaks with an intelligence far above the ordinary style of the country girl. She told her story simply and plainly.

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY AVERTED.

"I was out in service," she said, "but being taken ill in June, 1894, I was obliged to leave my place and come home. My mother took me to a doctor, who said it was a case for the hospital. At Newbury Hospital,

the doctors said I had a tendency to consumption of the bowels. I stayed there seven weeks, and was a little better when I came out. But I got much worse in a short time. The pain was something dreadful. Our doctor said he could do nothing for me, and advised mother to send me to the Reading Hospital. I was there for ten weeks, and seemed a little relieved when I came out. But soon after I was taken much worse. I had wasted away to a skeleton, and could not walk up and down stairs. The neighbours used to say I was dying. I couldn't eat anything; I was in dreadful pain, and had given up all hope myself. Mother one day read in the NEWBURY NEWS what wonderful cures were being made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said, 'Oh, do get some, mother,' and she sent into Newbury for a box. I continued to take them, and gradually got better."

"And you feel better and stronger?"

"Oh yes," she replied; "I am able to assist my mother in the house work, and last Monday walked three miles. The neighbours could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me, and the doctor said: 'What have you been doing to make yourself so much better?' I told him I had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The mother was equally emphatic: "It's the Pills, and nothing but the Pills," she said. "Our doctor said to me in his surgery: 'I am afraid I can do nothing for your daughter; it's consumption of the bowels, and we cannot save her.' At Whitsuntide all her brothers and sisters came home to see her for the last time; they never expected to see her again. I am so thankful we tried the Pills." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills directly enrich the blood, and hence are famous for the cure of anæmia, influenza, rheumatism, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and to restore pale and sallow complexions

to the glow of health. They are also a splendid nerve and spinal tonic, and thus have cured many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are sold by chemists, and Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A specific for all ladies' troubles, and in men cure all the ills arising from worry, fatigue, and excess, whether of work or otherwise.

A LANCASHIRE MAN'S EXPERIENCES.

UNTIL some two years ago, Mr. Henry Filbey, who is well known in Bolton, near Bury, had enjoyed robust physical health, and the blessings of a vigorous constitution. His troubles commenced with excruciating pains in the head, and an agonising sore throat, which became so bad that at times he was almost choked. His appetite diminished to an alarming extent. For two months three ounces of food per day was all of which he partook. In the course of two years he lost considerably in weight, and grew so weak that it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to get about at all. In fact, he was described as being "hardly able to crawl." His medical attendant said he could not do anything more for him, but advised him to go to the Manchester Infirmary. It was during the interval elapsing between a first and second visit to the institution that Mr. Filbey had the good fortune to read in a Manchester evening paper of a remarkable cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Filbey decided to try these Pills, and the result was like magic, so beneficial were they. In reply to the reporter of the WARRINGTON EXAMINER, who called upon Mr. Filbey, at 39, Baker Street, Bolton, that gentleman said "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. I feel better now than I have done for a long time, and can walk a mile without feeling the effect. The pains have left my throat, and I can eat very well again."

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these celebrated Cycles several hundred were won during 1895. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world, and wanted in every town or village where represented. Good cash discounts, or applied on EASY TERMS. List and all particulars free.

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An illustrated price list and testimonials from Sir George Newman, Mr. T. A. Atkins, editor of the Times, and others, will be sent post free to Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of testing these comfortable boots. Prices are 12s. 6d. to-day to G. T. MORRIS, 55 and 56, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4; also 1, Holborn Viaduct, 28 and 29, St. Swinburn's Lane, and 4, King William Street, E.C. 4.

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LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

It is now some years since I withdrew my offer of half-a-crown for every peculiar par that was considered worthy of insertion in P.W. The truth of the matter is that they became so common I began to suspect that the editors put them in on purpose and then sent along for the prize. Nevertheless at least one a week reaches me with unfailing regularity. This commendable industry must be rewarded. Fifty gold-plated pencil-cases, therefore, for the fifty humorous pars that please me best. These pars may be cut from the letterpress or advertisements of any paper except, of course, P.W., wherein if they do appear they are not humorous, but merely—well, printer's errors. The following culled from the *Birmingham Daily Post* will give some idea of what I mean by a peculiar par: "Hardware, oil, etc., established 1,500 years; turnover £7," while it was only the other day that the *Chronicle*, I think, in a fit of metaphorical fever talked about the dry and turbulent waters of some country's future.

I MUST remind all readers of P.W. resident abroad that a special competition with a first prize of £5, a second prize of a year's subscription to this paper, and twenty-five consolation prizes in the way of penknives and gold plated pencil-cases was recently announced for their special benefit. To gain the five-pound note it is only necessary to forward the most striking authenticated fact of any kind concerning the country in which you live and hope it will be more interesting than the others that reach this office. In that case the £5 is yours. This fact is not to exceed two hundred words in length and should be written upon one side of the paper only. All attempts should be marked "Colonial," and must reach this office by June 30th, 1896.

THE £5 5s. prize offered in December for the best verses written in the same metre as Mr. Rudyard Kipling's song, "On the Road to Mandalay," has been awarded to Mr. M. H. Chadbourne, of Castle House, Standard Hill, Nottingham.

J. T. asks: "Who is the most expert hand-writer of the present day?"—I make no doubt that the Reverend Austin W. Mann, a deaf-mute, is quite unequalled in this respect. He is, in fact, a genius. He possesses an art to which no one else in the world can lay claim. When talking he will stand facing one, his tablet directed to the person addressed, and resting at an angle of about forty-five degrees; an open book, so to speak, from which one is reading. Taking his pencil he will then write, and while he writes the person with whom he is conversing reads. Thus he carries on conversation, tracing from thirty to forty words each minute in a handwriting which, although quaint, is admirably legible. In a word, he writes what he has to say backwards and upside down. Although he stands alone in his art, Mr. Mann declares that the accomplishment is one that may be learned with sufficient practice by anyone.

It takes two, an we may believe the well-worn proverb, to make a quarrel. It also takes two to make a collision. But how to divide the blame between the two parties is like trying to decide to what extent a victory in a bicycle race is due to the rider, and to what extent it is owed to the machine. I wish it were otherwise, because in that case I should be able to soothe the injured correspondents who invariably write to me whenever the dancing season commences. It is a curious fact that everyone thinks he can dance. This is the one point on which you must never raise a difference with a man. It is always the other man who is to blame. I am quite sorry for this other man. I have drawers full of letters about him. And the curious part is that whenever one man writes, the other man usually writes too. Then the first man becomes the other man, and the other man becomes—well, I give it up, but it is something like that anyway. This is the sort of letter I receive:

SHOULD BAD DANCERS BE ALLOWED TO DANCE?

To the Editor of P.W. DEAR SIR,—I think the above question is one which might well be aired in your paper. To my mind it is monstrous that men with no idea of dancing—without the vestige of any idea of keeping time or guiding their partners—should be allowed to enter a ballroom. Elephantine playfulness is all very well, but if a man wants to prance about like a two-wheeled cart on a stony road when the wheels have come off, let him perform out of doors. Dancing is not football. No doubt there are some men who do feel proud because their elbows are relics of the days when their ancestors made their swords and spears out of human bones. No doubt they think it clever to have legs which the Creator intended for crushing stones, but why they should be allowed to spoil everyone else's pleasure I cannot understand. At the present moment one of my arms is limp and helpless where someone charged laboriously into me at a dance. I was very angry at the time. When a man collapses over you, dislocates your shoulder and practically succeeds in knocking your partner off her feet, you expect him to apologise. Afterwards the man very rightly came up to me. It is a humiliating position for any man, so I smiled encouragingly. I said it didn't matter. After all, collisions were hard to avert. He said: "If you think that's a proper sort of apology to offer a gentleman, sir, I don't. Maybe you think it's fun getting into other people's way. P'raps you suppose the whole place belongs to you. Take lessons, sir. That's my advice. Take lessons." You see he actually thought that I had run into him. Now, sir, I ask you, what would you do in my case.—Yours, etc., CRUSHED AND INJURED.

This, I need hardly say, is beyond me altogether.

G. E. R. asks: "Why is it that with the coloured people dying every day there are no black ghosts?"

At first, I confess, this question rather took me by surprise. Certainly it does seem rather hard that black men should not have ghosts just as much as anyone else. On second thoughts, however, the apparent mystery is explained. The fact that there are no black ghosts is, no doubt, for the very same reason that there are no flesh-coloured ghosts. Spooks, in fact, whether they are the shades of departed niggers or of defunct white men, are all of the same hue. Altogether it is extremely lucky for niggers' ghosts that they are not black, for as night is the time during which these apparitions pay their visitations, they would be altogether invisible, and an invisible ghost would be about the most miserable sort of creature one could well imagine.

J. F. R. writes:

With reference to your "page 4" and the discontented correspondent who complains that his answers to questions are not accepted, I should like to say a word as to my own experience. I have sent in replies pretty regularly since May, 1894, having previously been a total stranger to your paper. A fair number have been accepted, and a good many more have been set aside. But what I wish to say is that in most cases where my reply has been so declined, I recognise that the published reply is superior to my own; either the writer has hit the mark better, or he has more to say, or he says it more effectively. I know for a fact that the answers are not, as your correspondent says, "coeval with the questions." The practice of answering questions is eminently to be commended. I have learnt a great deal by investigating doubtful points. I have had practice in writing, my knowledge on matters which I had half-forgotten is freshened and rendered definite, and I have found much interest in excursions into novel regions of inquiry.

READERS of P.W. who possess magic-lanterns must not forget that they can have a well-executed slide, representing a page of this paper, free of charge, if they care to write for it. The size is 34 by 34.

FOXBOURNE.—A hair-breadth is no longer a definite standard of measure. In these days the term is used, as a rule, to imply a very considerable margin. In older and more accurate times, however, the hair-breadth was something more than a loose figure of speech. It was, in fact, the width of sixteen hairs laid side by side.

T. E. R. asks: "In which country is cycling most popular?"—It would be very hard to institute any comparison between Great Britain, France, and the United States. In this country I suppose we have the greatest number of cyclists in proportion to the population; in America they are more in evidence. The truth is that out there the roads are loathsome and abominable. Except in the immediate environs of the cities bicycling is out of the question, and consequently cyclists are all herded and massed together in the great centres. The craze has taken firm hold of the Yankees. Not only has baseball suffered, but tradesmen are beginning to grumble in earnest. Tobaccoists say that men are so busy paying off their instalments to the bicycle shops that they have no money for cigars; the girls prefer the latest pneumatic machines to pianos, and even washerwomen complain because flannel shirts have taken the place of white ones and their profits are consequently reduced.

A "CALCULATING CORRESPONDENT" asks: "How many miles of wire are there in employment in the telegraphic system of the world?"—Fortunately for me some statistician has already made a close investigation to settle this point, from the most official sources. The result of his inquiry has been to discover that the total length of the telegraphic line of the world is 904,701 miles, while the entire extent of wire employed on the same is 2,682,583 miles, or enough to encircle the globe at the equator rather more than 107 times. Information of this kind can always be had on application, either singly or in lots.

I HAVE received the following question from John Burns: "In which European country have the strikes of labour as a protest against the tyranny of capital proved most successful?"—So far as I can make out, strikes have more often gained their object, whatever it may have been, in this than in any other country. Statistics recently published for Great Britain and Ireland, and covering the five years from 1889 to 1893 inclusive, give the following details which are not absolutely uninteresting. Altogether some 4,526 strikes occurred during this period. They affected 1,852,193 persons. The successful strikes affected 44.5 per cent. of this total number; the partially successful, 33.9 per cent., and the unsuccessful, 21.6 per cent. After England and the United States. Between the years 1891 and 1894, 32 per cent. of the whole number of people thrown out of employment by strikes were successful in gaining what they asked; 12.5 per cent. were only partially successful, and 55.5 per cent. failed altogether. It is also a significant fact that the actual wage loss to the employers was £32,740,000. Altogether the cost to the country would be very nearly double this amount. In France, during the years from 1890 to 1894 there were 1,886 strikes, affecting 7,689 establishments. The successful average was 25.24 per cent.; the partially successful, 30.12 per cent., while the total failures numbered 44.64 per cent. In Italy the average for the last few years is 24 per cent. only of successful strikes, while in Austria the total is so low as 23 per cent.

W. D. writes:

I notice in a recent issue of *Pearson's Weekly*, that you say the Duchess d'Uzès is the only feminine master of hounds in the world. Mrs. Cheape, of Bentley Manor, Redditch, owns a pack of twenty-two and a half couples of very smart hounds, hunt them herself five days a fortnight, and shows excellent sport.

EUGENE MURRAY asks where the largest prune orchard in the world is located?—At Los Gatos, on the Western edge of the Santa Clara Valley, California. It contains nearly 50,000 trees, covering about 380 acres. A hundred workmen and as many horses are constantly employed on this farm, which is provided with its own waterworks and electric light plant. The drying ground alone is twenty acres in extent, and the net income amounts to over £10,000 a year.

T. A. S. asks: "Do London pavements wear out boot leather more quickly than country roads?"

—This is a vast subject. It is a topic upon which one can hardly write lucidly and fluently without considerable study. When I became an editor I did not contract for giving this sort of weird information. Yet I do not like to be beaten, and especially by shoe leather, although I was once, I remember. To answer the question, it was necessary to make some experiments. I suggested to the staff that they might undertake it. They went away for three days, and when they came back I found that they had a'l been to the country. They seemed surprised when I pointed out that this was useless. They said it was no use making experiments of that kind, because it did not depend on the roads; it depended on the leather. This appeared to be an unanswerable argument. But my own belief is that London pavements do more damage in a week than the country does in a month.

THUS P. Q.: "Is there any country which depends for its prosperity solely on the success of its vegetable crop?"—The answer to this question is, I suppose, the Bermudas. Onions, potatoes, and tomatoes comprise almost the entire production of the islands, and give employment to the greater proportion of the inhabitants, enabling them to live comfortably on the income of their comparatively small portions of ground. When the onion crop is large and the American market good, an acre of ground will return so much as £120, and sometimes £170. Over 17,000,000 lbs. of onions are annually exported.

MILKMAID.—So you don't know the distinction between cocoa, coca, coco, and cocoa? A great many other people are in the same box. The truth of the matter is that the terms have been interchanged in the most ignorant manner, until the most confused ideas have come to exist on the correct application of them. They represent four very distinct products. Cocoa is the chocolate berry tree. It grows from fifteen to forty-five feet, and bears a somewhat egg-shaped pointed pod. The nutritive fat is derived from the seeds. Roasted and divested of their husks they are known as cocoa-nibs, and when ground into paste, sweetened, and flavoured, they yield chocolate. In this country, the crude paste is often erroneously called cocoa. The correct pronunciation is kak-kow. From cocoa we come to coca—a shrub famed for the extraordinary stimulating property of its leaves. Mixed with forage, it forms an excellent additional diet for mules and horses. An animal, fagged and worn out, will become so rejuvenated by having a few of these leaves put in his noonday meal, that he will become more unmanageable at 2 p.m. than he was at six in the morning. The same effect is experienced by travellers who carry a handful of leaves in their pocket and find any other food unnecessary on a long and exhausting day's tramp. Cocaine is a product of these leaves. Coco, again, is an entirely distinct growth. It is a name applied to certain roots yielding monster tubers like a sweet potato. The last of our quartette is the cocoa-nut palm. This is the only connection in which the word cocoa may be used with accuracy.

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Pearson's Weekly	s. d. 8 8	s. d. 4 4	s. d. 2 2
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IF YOU SEE IT IN P.W., IT'S SO.

THE PORTRAIT.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

"WHAT! do you really mean what you say, Père Maujeu? You, one of the Communists! You mean to tell us that next time, when the final blow is struck for the triumph of our cause, you would refuse to go with your comrades! You would refuse to fire a single shot with us! But why, what's the meaning of it all?"

The Père Maujeu, a fine-looking man, and not as old as his grey hair made him appear, looked at his two young companions with a frank, honest expression in his eyes, and then shook the ashes tranquilly out of his pipe against his thumb. They were all three seated in the back-room of the little inn, and Père Maujeu lifted his glass and drained it before he replied:

"You want to know why, do you?"

"Well, listen, then, and I'll tell you, and it will be a lesson for you two young fellows, perhaps."

"During the siege and the Commune I was, as you know, in a battalion at Belleville, and I was just twenty-five then, and a hot-headed chap."

"I was not married, and had no one depending on me, and I was willing enough to do my share towards keeping back the Prussians and fighting for our Republic."

"The next thing we knew was that we had capitulated, and that the Monarchists were conspiring at Versailles."

"Vive la Commune!" then was our cry, especially as it paid us our fifteen pence a day and left us our guns."

"The day of the big skirmish we went as far as Rueil with Flourens."

"When we got there though old Thier's gendarmes greeted us with a volley of shot, while behind us the Mont Valérien was sending the shells amongst us."

"Then came the news that our chief had been killed, and there was nothing left for us to do but disband."

"This we did, and all of us made off as fast as our legs would carry us."

"I ran down a narrow street, but a gendarme had seen me turn the corner, and he made after me."

"There was no one else about, and I turned round to see if he was catching me up. He was just taking aim to shoot me down. I jumped aside, and the shot whizzed by."

"It was my turn then, and rushing at him, I struck him with the butt end of my gun. He dropped his weapons, reeled, and fell over dead."

"Well, I was safe from him, but at the end of the little street, there were the soldiers from Versailles chasing my comrades."

"Where was I to hide? Luckily for me I caught sight of a house that was all in ruins from the bombardment during the siege. I hurried there, and going down into the cellar, I made a heap of some straw I found there, so that if they came to search I could conceal myself in it, and thus be out of sight."

"I had no need of this though. I stayed in my hiding-place till night, looking out all the time, right and left, through the iron grating."

"My eyes were just about level with the street, and there in front of me, only about two yards away, lay the dead body of my gendarme. It isn't a pleasant sight, that, I can tell you, to gaze for several hours at a man that you have just killed."

"This one was a sergeant of police, and he had got his stripes and medals on. He had been through the Crimea and the Italian wars, too, for I saw the military medals."

"He was lying on his side, and he looked so peaceful, just as though he were sleeping."

"His face was deadly pale though, and he was in a pool of blood. His cap had rolled a few yards away, and the wind blew his grey hair about. B-r-r-r! I don't like thinking about it even now! Well, at last it got quite dark. I left my hiding-place and got back into the city, and, as you know, I fought with the others and held out to the last."

"Luckily I managed to come out of it all safe and sound at the very end after the taking of the barricade on the Boulevard Voltaire."

"Nobody troubled anything about me then, especially as I had not even got my corporal's grade."

"Well, after all that, three years went by and things had all settled down."

"One Saturday, a friend of mine who was in the same workshop with me proposed that as we just had our pay we should give ourselves a bit of a treat that evening."

"I agreed, for I was not married, and only just about twenty-eight—none too old to enjoy a bit of fun."

"We started off towards Montparnasse, and had our dinner at a little restaurant in the Rue de la Gaité. We had our wine and our coffee and then our little glass of liqueur, and went on to finish up the evening with a dance at the Mille-Colonnes. My friend Eugène was not one of the timid sort, and we had soon made the acquaintance of our partners, and before the end of the evening were on quite friendly terms, he with a fine-looking girl with auburn hair, and I with a pretty, pale-faced girl with dark hair."

"She was a nice, modest-looking girl of eighteen, and she did not seem to me as though she had long been in the habit of frequenting these dancing-saloons."

"I got her on to talk about herself, for I was curious to find out something about her."

"She told me that her parents were dead, and she showed me a little portrait she was wearing of her father."

"I looked at it, and there, what should I see but the portrait of my gendarme of Rueil, with his stripes and his medals and all! Ah! I recognised him, I can tell you. I had seen him long enough that day lying on the ground in that pool of blood!"

"Oh! it was horrible! I felt as though a cold hand had grasped my heart, as though something were stifling me."

"And that is your father?" was all I could find to say.

"Yes, and oh, he was such a good father, and we were so happy together! My mother had died when I was a child, and so we were all in all to each other. Ah! if only he had not been killed at Rueil by one of those cruel Communists my life would have been so different."

"I used to be so happy in our little home, and was getting to be quite a good little housekeeper, he said."

"I was just fifteen when he was killed, and as I had not a halfpenny to depend upon, I had to go as an apprentice to a distant relative who lived in the Faubourg St. Denis."

"My life was quite different then, for I began going about with the other girls who were employed there, and I often think if my poor father could only see me now what a trouble it would be to him, but you see, when one has no home things are all so different!"

"Whilst she was talking and telling me all this my senses began to come back to me, and I had only one thought—and that was to try and make up for the harm I had done."

"There was nothing else left for me that I could see. She was living in a miserable attic, and had only one dress to her name."

"I was only a working-man, but I knew my trade, and was getting good wages, and I'd got a bit of furniture and a few savings put by."

"I suppose you think it was a strange way of settling things—a murderer to marry his victim's daughter. After all, you see, it really was not murder, for I only killed the gendarme to save my own life; and all's supposed to be fair in war."

"It was the only thing I could do now, at any rate—to take care of his orphan daughter. Well, I did that, and, I can tell you, a good hard-working woman she turned out to be, and a good wife she was to me. You knew her, Mère Maujeu, as you called her. She was a favourite with you all, and I have never got over her death two years ago, and what's more, I never shall. As to her father's portrait—well, it's hanging on the wall in my room now. Finally I could look at it without feeling any remorse, and sometimes it seemed to me even that he was smiling, the poor old gendarme, as though to thank me for what I had done."

"That's the whole story then, my good fellows."

"I am as good a Republican to-day as ever I was in the past; but you can understand now, I am sure, why I shall never fight side by side with you if there comes another tussle, and you can understand why I say that I have had enough of civil war."

HOW TO HAVE TWO BIRTHDAYS IN ONE YEAR.

"As we sailed due west over the Pacific one hour was lost in each thousand miles of progress," writes a traveller, "and when we reached the half-way point round the world from Greenwich (180 degrees) a day was dropped in mid-ocean."

"Passing from November 2nd to November 4th, or from Saturday to Monday, was quite a new experience. An officer on board tells me that he spent two Christmases last year while coming from Japan to San Francisco, and a fellow passenger had the unique pleasure of having two birthdays during his voyage in the same direction."

NOTHING AT ALL TO FEAR.

It was a terrible risk. Not a man was there in all the vast throng who dared to brave the danger of the hissing flames and tottering walls.

Human lives hung in jeopardy, waiting in awful suspense for some intrepid rescuer.

"I will save them!"

A thousand faces turned eagerly at the sound.

They saw a woman.

With flashing eyes and heaving bosom she paused a moment. Fragile as she was, there was that in her aspect which filled the multitude with awe. Spellbound, the people breathed not.

"Stand aside!"

A burly fireman had barred the way of the heroine.

"It is foolhardy!" he exclaimed. "Have you no fear, girl?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Look you—"

She turned a withering glance upon the man.

"—for ten years I have worn in public every species of dress reform garment brought out during that time. Do you imagine I am afraid of anything?"

With a bound she was lost to view among the blazing timbers.

THE VALUE OF MEDICAL BOOKS TO CONVICTS.

THE Rev. Harry Jones tells a story drawn from Portland Prison which is worth reproducing. On going into the library, Mr. Jones asked what were the favourite books of the prisoners, and was told to his surprise that a work dealing with medicine was more frequently asked for than any other.

As there was a surgeon always ready to attend to the ailments of the convicts, the reason for this searching after medical knowledge was difficult to find.

Mr. Jones came to the conclusion—confirmed by inquiries—that the description of the symptoms of illness was carefully studied by the inmates of the prison as a scientific guide in the shamming of sickness. Probably so handy a work to prisoners apt to learn the art of malingering will in future find no place in the library of that institution.

THE PATIENT COUNTED.

ONE day recently, Dr. P—, who had company to dinner, sat quietly chatting in a corner of the drawing-room, when he was told that a patient had come to see him who was strongly recommended by some fellow-practitioner, and whose card was brought in by the page.

The doctor submitted with a bad grace, and stepped into his surgery. The visitor was in an advanced stage of consumption. The bronchial tubes were in a deplorable condition, and the vocal cords nearly worn out. Our physician was in the habit of ascertaining the condition of the patient, by asking him to count, and generally stopped him at thirty or thirty-five—quite long enough for the purpose. This time, also, Dr. P— asked his patient to count.

Time passed on, and the guests began to feel alarmed at their host's protracted absence. One of them opened the surgery door. Dr. P— had gone to sleep in his armchair, and the patient had counted up to 8,642!

THE PARIS CABBY.

SHOULD an accident befall the vehicle of a Paris cabman during your occupancy, he will abandon himself to a paroxysm of grief, compute the loss, and tell in moving accents of his wife and children, whose bread will be taken from their mouths by this mishap.

But if your fingers thereupon make instinctively for your pocket, restrain them; he is insured. He pays a small monthly premium to a cab insurance company; and in the case of a smash-up, only the company suffers. A playful intimation that you are aware of this circumstance will do wonders to console him. There was, in days gone by, a cabman who made such a good thing out of accidents that he ended by adopting them as a speciality.

He confined his labours to those quarters of the town chiefly affected by the English, and his system was to pick up a benevolent English tourist (by preference a lady) and break a shaft. He knew a method of turning a corner which no shaft could resist.

Then he would beat his breast, and shake his fist at heaven; call the universe to witness that he was a poor man, who would be ruined by the sum it must cost to get his cab repaired, bring in his wife and children, though the unprincipled creature was a bachelor—and what could a benevolent-looking English tourist do but help him out?

THE INSIDE PASSENGER.

STRANGE stories are told about the habit of conveying animals in the passenger stage coaches in former times. On one occasion an invalid tiger-cat was sent as an inside passenger.

The showman who owned her obtained the permission of the passengers by asking them to receive "Miss Jenny," that being the name under which the animal was publicly exhibited.

In the darkness of a December morning a passenger took his place inside a coach where one other passenger occupied a seat.

"It is a very dark morning, sir," remarked the gentleman to his fellow traveller.

He received no reply, but presently tried again.

"Terribly cold weather this for travelling, sir," he observed. (No answer.)

Then he raised his voice, thinking his companion might be deaf, saying: "It's slow going on these heavy roads, sir." Still there was no reply. The morning light showed that the other passenger was wrapped up in a nice fur coat. The gentleman could not refrain from saying:

"That's an excellent coat for travelling in." Not a word.

Soon the questioner fell fast asleep, and his head gradually descending rested at last upon the shoulder of his unsociable companion. He did not awake until it was day. To his astonishment he found that he had been sleeping with a huge bear, which was fastened to the seat, and, luckily, muzzled.

Why are our fiction columns like a railway carriage rack? This is an easy conundrum. to the sender of every correct answer. But—

A magnificent engraving of the Queen

DANDIES IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

REFERRING to the recent order of the German Emperor with regard to the dandified irregularities which had become common in the German Army, a correspondent at Berlin calls our attention to the fact that the Kaiser himself is not altogether free from affectation of this kind, inasmuch as he himself sets the fashion of "bangle" wearing. In most of the many portraits of the Kaiser the bangle is brought into special prominence by the position of the arm. But though addicted to the bangle, he never condescended to the earring, which formerly was very commonly worn among his officers.

In the time of Frederick William II., when the German Army was resting on the laurels of the great Frederick, dandies flourished in great numbers among the officers in spite of severe official condemnations of foppery. The monstrosities and extravagances differed but slightly from those of to-day—sharp-pointed toes, ridiculously high collars and short overcoats without seams.

Latter-day exquisites have also adopted the plan of crowding on the hand as many rings as possible—he who can carry the largest number on the ring fingers and at the same time bend his finger being considered to have the bluest blood.

A SHOWER OF DIAMONDS.

"I REMEMBER ONCE," said an old police-officer, "falling in for quite a shower of diamonds. It was in this way: 'I happened to be in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden, when I heard a tremendous hullabaloo proceed from the office of a dealer of precious stones, and rushing up to the door, a man slipped by me and set off as hard as his legs could carry him. I heard someone in the office crying 'Stop thief!' and I was away after him in a moment as fast as I could go."

"I was always a good runner, and this chase certainly tested my ability in that direction, for somehow there seemed to be no one who would stop the fellow, and I had to follow him, twisting and dodging for about half a mile.

"I was closing on him, when he put his hand in his pocket, turned, and dashed a handful of small stones into my face. They came upon me like hail. They were diamonds!

"The dodge was a clever one. The stones were worth some hundreds of pounds, and I could not leave them all scattered about here and there in the gutter for folk to pick up and make off with, and for the time the man escaped.

"A week later, however, I had the pleasure of arresting him at Liverpool as he was going on board a Cunard vessel on his way to the States."

THE INDIAN GIRL'S DOLL.

A VERY different affair to the flaxen-haired pink and white dolls from Paris are those which are presented annually to the little Indian Moqui girls. They are higher, too, in the social scale of doll-dom, for they are fashioned after the manner of the Indian gods.

Once a year, when the Moqui "Katsinas," or gods, leave the native villages where for half a year they have been dwelling, and return to their beautiful homes in the San Francisco mountains, a great religious farewell festival is held.

There are many religious festivals during the year, for there are between sixty and seventy gods to propitiate, but it is only at the great farewell festival that the dolls are given away to the little girls.

They are the most remarkable and extraordinary-looking dolls that were ever made, although no doubt their little mothers consider them cunning in the extreme. They are invariably fashioned out of cotton-wood, which, besides being remarkably soft, is a sacred material. The forms and colours of these dolls are innumerable, although each one is made to represent one particular god. They are painted all over with symbolical devices, and are decorated with eagles' and fowls' feathers, pieces of cloth, twigs of trees, corn-flower—anything, in fact, on which hands can be laid.

If the doll, for instance, was to represent the wolf Katsinas, as in the accompanying illustration, it would be painted all over with a dull, brownish-red colour. Round the little holes which are the pupils of its eyes, red bands will be drawn; the calves of its legs and its forearms are painted with white spots, and the yarn which is tied below the knees is a bright blue. The hands and feet and lips are a brilliant red. Sometimes it will be provided with teeth, but more often a long tongue hangs from its mouth.

Another favourite doll among the Moquis is one which is made to represent the bogey-man.

He is gorgeously arrayed in an immaculate white coat



with a red border, red top-boots, which give him rather a knock-kneed appearance, green and black horns, with red lips, white eyes, and a head-dress of eagles' feathers, the whole a very effective and startling bogey-man. This doll is, above all, the favourite with the children. At the moment of distribution they crowd round with arms outstretched, and eyes brimming over with expectant tears. To gain possession of it is, indeed, an honour, and of the 1,800 souls who make up the Moqui tribe who so happy as the diminutive mother who gains the doll to play with?

The little Moqui girls march about the villages with their make-belief babies strapped over their shoulders. These dolls must be treated with the utmost respect, and when tired of are hung up in a row along the wall of their mother's home.

It is almost impossible to enter a Moqui dwelling, where there are any girls, without seeing this strange-looking spectacle.



CRIME AMONG INSECTS.

ALMOST every form and variety of human crime is common with insects. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner, in his "Physic Life of Animals," speaks of the thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description, they acquire a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies which get more and more numerous; and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon take a delight in this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men; they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the Sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Marshall, this variety is formed of individuals of the Halyates species, whose organs of nidification are defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder.

They may thus be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Professor Lombroso calls the born criminals—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

RELIABLE DATA.—"Anna, my husband came home very late last night; can you tell me what time it was?" "Please, ma'am, I don't know exactly; but when I got up this morning, master's top-coat was still swinging backwards and forwards on the peg."

CLARA: "Why do you deal at Sharp, Bargain and Co.'s?"

DORA: "The shopmen are more attentive there than at other places."

CLARA: "I never found it so."

DORA: "Perhaps you are not engaged to as many of them as I am."

MRS. BRICKTOP (bursting with pride): "How d'ye like my new carpet, Mrs. Crosse?"

MRS. CROSSEY (bursting with envy): "It's—er—very nice indeed, Mrs. Bricktop, fer—fer Brussels. By the way, I nearly forgot what I came for. I wish you would lend me your lawn-mower a few moments."

"Lawn-mower? Why, certainly. But what on earth can you want of a lawn-mower at this time of the year?"

"I desire to thin down our velvet carpet in the nursery a little, the children are always losing their marbles in it."

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and keep them for the present. Full particulars of what to do with them appeared in the last issue of P.W. Coupons are at the right-hand top corner of the first page of cover.

AN ENGLISHMAN SURPRISED.

I WAS walking the other day in the forest at Charlottenburg, when it suddenly began to rain. The small pine trees afforded poor shelter, and I had already reconciled myself to getting wet through when I noticed a diminutive shed. I entered and lighted a pipe. Suddenly I heard hasty steps, and a minute later a young man entered in the greenish-grey uniform of the German Foresters. He did not seem agreeably surprised at seeing me, but bowed politely and sat down not far off. Presently he took a pipe and searched in his pockets in vain for a match. I offered him my own box, and he, lighting his pipe, said in fluent English, and without the slightest trace of foreign accent:

"Oh, you are English?"

"And so are you," I replied.

"Oh, no!" He laughed and seemed amused.

"Well, it is wonderful how the German acquires languages!" I exclaimed.

"There is such a difference between our schools and yours."

"Yes, there is. You mean to say we don't learn anything and you everything. But I prefer our schools, nevertheless."

"May I ask why?"

"Because we educate the character in our public schools, and you don't. Two little nephews of mine are in a German school, a 'Gymnasium,' as you call it. Poor little beggars; they are kept like slaves."

"Oh, not quite," he remonstrated.

"Well, it's not far off. The object of the German schools seems to be to keep the boys in dependence, while we try to make them independent."

The young forester kept silence. After a while he said: "There is going to be a change."

"You mean on account of that young man the Emperor?"

"Yes, on account of that young man the Emperor." He put a singular stress on these words.

"Well, he tries to do his best," said I. "He is a plucky young fellow, and I take a great interest in his doings."

"A good many people do, but they only do it to criticise him."

"That does not matter. Certainly he has his faults. Some writer says every child is born with two horns and he must wear them off before he becomes reasonable."

"And has he still his horns?"

"To a certain extent. In spite of that he is a wonderful man. Don't you think so?"

"I do not know."

"Just imagine what he has done. When he came to the throne he was a devoted follower of Bismarck, until he saw that Bismarck was nothing but an old tyrant. And then he sent him home, and tried to introduce reforms—reforms in every branch of public life. He introduced reforms in the schools, in the army, in social legislation."

"And therefore they call him unsteady!"

"So he is. He wants too much all at once. He thinks he knows everything better than anyone else."

"Oh, no, he does not think so."

"At least, people say—"

"I am afraid people say a good deal. I think the Emperor would be glad if they left him alone."

"But that is only possible if he resigns."

"Resigns?" echoed the young man, as if the very idea horrified him.

"Every statesman is naturally subject to criticism, and he must get used to that, too. I should advise the Emperor to read English papers as much as possible."

"Why?"

"In them he would hear a good deal of untruth about him, but also a good deal of truth."

"Quite so. He reads them; but they say the Emperor can't stand things like that!"

The young fellow laughed.

"If he can't at present he will by-and-bye. I have no doubt he will turn out a great man—he has energy, and if he only acquires a little modesty he is sure to succeed. That is to say—"

The young man looked at me attentively.

"Well?"

"If his health doesn't prevent him."

My companion suddenly rose. "Thank you," he said, "for your good opinion. With God's help I will do the best I can for my people. I am the German Emperor myself." He took my hand and gave it a hearty shake. "If you happen to speak with your countrymen about me," he said, "tell them I like their straightforwardness. *Leben Sie wohl!*"

He put his gun on his back and walked off. When I recovered my astonishment I saw him walking down the road, upright as a pine tree.

THERE is no love lost between the rival cities of Liverpool and Manchester. A correspondent sends us the following joke from a Liverpool newspaper:

Girl from Manchester: "Before I go back home I am going to walk up and down your landing stage to see what it's like."

Girl from Liverpool: "Don't, dear, or if you do, send your feet home. It's hardly fair to interfere with the comfort of strangers to you, and possibly drown them by crowding them off into the river."

ONLY A LITTLE AT A TIME.

THERE are sound objections to one's knowing too much about his own body. I am going to tell you what they are; not to-day, but soon. To make sure of them you will have to watch these articles sharply in the newspapers. Yet we should know a little; and a fraction of that little I will serve up now. Please favour me with your attention.

Right across the middle of the body is a large, thin, flat muscle, stretched like a canvas awning—the diaphragm. By it you are divided into two large storeys or compartments. The upper one contains the heart and lungs, the lower one contains (chiefly) the stomach, the intestines, and the liver. The most painful (internal) diseases occur downstairs, the least painful upstairs.

The entire right side of the lower compartment, from the top down to the short ribs, is filled by the liver, which is suspended to a mere point of the diaphragm, and shakes about with every movement you make.

Now, from the location of the liver we have a word used for ages to express one of the most unhappy conditions a human being can fall into—the word *hypochondria* (often abbreviated to "*hpo*"), the word meaning *under the cartilages*.

"For seven years," writes a correspondent, "I suffered from complaint of the liver. I was very bilious, my skin was sallow and dry, and the whites of my eyes yellow. I had much pain and weight at my right side, and was constantly depressed and melancholy. It seemed to be out of my power to take a hopeful or cheerful view of anything. The effect of this complaint on the mind was one of the aspects of it hardest to bear.

"I had lost my natural appetite, and ate to support life; but there was no more any genuine relish for food or drink. The bad taste in my mouth made all that I took taste bad. Sometimes I would be taken sick and throw up all I had eaten; and after a meal, no matter how slender and simple, I was troubled with fulness and pain at the chest. I used many kinds of medicines, and while some of them may have relieved me for the moment, none conferred any lasting benefit, and I was soon as bad as ever.

"In March, 1892, I read in a small book of what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in cases similar to mine, and was especially interested in the account given in the book of the nature and duties of the liver, and its disorders. I got a bottle of the Syrup from Boots' Drug Stores, and after taking it a few days felt quite like a new man. It seemed to correct my stomach and liver and clear my system of all bile; and it left me in capital health. Since that time I have kept Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and have commended it to all my friends as the best known cure for ailments like the one from which I suffered so miserably and so long. You can use this statement as you like. (Signed) John Gent, 59, Coventry Road, Bulwell, Nottingham, March 21st, 1895."

"In the spring of 1891," writes another, "I found myself in bad health. I had no appetite, and the little I did eat did me no good, gave me no strength. I had great pain and weight at the chest and right side, and my skin turned sallow and dry. My kidneys also acted badly, and from time to time I had attacks of gravel; and cold, clammy, weakening sweats broke out all over me. Being only seventeen years old when the trouble began I was greatly alarmed and anxious. No doctor was able to help me, and I continued thus for over three years. In June, 1894, I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup, and soon felt better, lighter, and more cheerful; and by taking it a few weeks longer I recovered my health and strength. Since then, when I have any stomach, liver, or kidney symptoms I resort to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it never fails to set me right. You can publish this letter. (Signed) C. Hanson, 6, New Inn Lane, Gloucester, May 31st, 1895."

The stomach, the liver, and the kidneys are all connected parts of the food and digestive system. When disordered (usually through torpidity of the stomach) they cripple the body and throw a gloom as of night over the mind. On the earliest signs of anything wrong with them use Mother Seigel's Syrup at once.

The World WOULD NOT TOLERATE long any great power or influence THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED for THE GENERAL GOOD.

THE ANTISEPTICS OF EMPIRE.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.—An island, he pointed out, required for its perfect defence the command of the sea. One of the consequences of the command of the sea was that the world were peculiarly under the influence of the nation that held it. But though the power given by the command of the sea was so great, it was counterbalanced by a moral law. The World WOULD NOT TOLERATE any great power or influence THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED FOR THE GENERAL GOOD. The BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist ONLY so long as it was a USEFUL AGENT for the GENERAL BENEFIT OF HUMANITY. That hitherto she had obeyed this law we might fairly claim. She had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean to introduce LAW and CIVILISATION all over the globe. She had destroyed piracy and the slave trade, and had opened to the trade of all nations every port on the globe except those that belonged to the Continental Powers. But all this led to the conclusion that BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD, or UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

SPENCER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.

Spectator, December 21st, 1895.

What Higher Aim can Man attain than Conquest over Human Pain?

VENEZUELA.—FROM A TOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA.—"Sir,—After two years' trial of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' I can safely say that it has saved me much misery from colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to which I have been subject during eleven years' residence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as a preventive of sea sickness and a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship; and, for myself, I could as soon think of going a voyage without my toothbrush as my bottle of ENO'S. With ordinary care it does NOT GET HARD AND CAKED as OTHER EFFERVESCENT PREPARATIONS do in WARM and HUMID CLIMATES, and this is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B. P.S.—If you choose to make use of this, or any part of it, you are at liberty to do so, without quoting the name, or you may use the initials."

IN THE VOYAGE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IS AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED, or necessary adjunct: it keeps the blood pure, prevents FEVERS and ACUTE INFLAMMATORY DISEASE, and REMOVES the INJURIOUS EFFECTS arising from STIMULANTS and NARCOTICS, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee. By NATURAL MEANS it thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood, fevers, &c., and over-extended activity, nervousness, irritability, worry, &c. THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT, where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED a SEVERE ILLNESS. If its great value in keeping the body in HEALTH were universally known, NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

ATTENTION.—Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

*It
Never Fails.*

ESTAB. 21 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Try it also for

**Whooping-Cough, for Asthma,
for Consumption, for Bronchitis.**

"Five years ago my three daughters had severe attack of whooping-cough. The chest would not shake it off, nor could the doctor give relief. After trying everything in vain, I was persuaded to try your Lung Tonic, and the change in a few days was marvellous."—J. W. DEACON, Thornton Heath.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

**Owbridge's
Lung Tonic**

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"Many others I have recommended it to since by it, especially an old lady, aged 67, who has suffered fifteen years from irritation of the throat, and completely recovered after taking half a bottle."

J. W. DEACON, 3, Beulah Manor Road, Thornton Heath.

**For outward application, instead of
poultices, use**

OWBRIDGE'S EMBROCATION.

It is much safer, more effective,
and less troublesome.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d.,
2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

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HOW LIONS, TIGERS, AND
PANTHERS KILL.

LIONS, tigers, and panthers kill in the same manner, usually by seizing the throat, and so dragging their prey to the ground. Sometimes I have found claw marks on the withers when the kill has been a big animal, such as a water buffalo, showing that the beast has sprung on the victim's back first, and then buried its teeth in the throat.

Death is caused sometimes by a broken neck, but more often, I am inclined to think, by suffocation. I have been within a few feet of a lion as he killed a donkey. The weight of the lion's body, of course, dashed the donkey to the ground, but from the gasping sound I heard—it was too dark to see—I think the donkey was choked to death.

Once I saw in broad daylight a panther seize a goat. It was the work of an instant. The panther rushed in, made a complete somersault with the goat in its jaws, then sprang up, dropping the goat, which lay still with a broken neck. But then again I heard a panther kill a goat at night, when the poor animal's cries told of prolonged agony, as if it were being eaten alive.

A BIT OF STRING.

"WILL you not let me tie that for you?"

It was the way he said it—the quiet tone of his voice, the polite manner of lifting his hat, the honest look in his eyes. She could not decline the favour. Indeed, he did not give her time to do so, but with that chivalry which is a combination of boldness and gentleness he leaned down to tie her shoe-string.

She had paused in a busy street and set her foot upon the stone step in front of a shop door. There was a vexed expression on her pretty face, but when this gallant anticipated her action she laughed right merrily. The shoe-string had not only become untied, but was lost. Diving into one of his many pockets, he produced a bit of white string, with which he deftly laced her shoe, remarking:

"There, I dare say that will do until you get home."

"No, I shall wear it if you will allow me. You are altogether too good to be forgotten immediately," she said coquettishly, and before he could recover from the flattery, before he could fix her in his mind so that he would know her again, she was gone, became indistinguishable in a group that separated and dissolved at the street corner.

And, maidens fair, if you should meet the hero of this story (he actually does exist, and this is not such a story as it may seem), and he should stare, as he certainly would, first at your feet, then at your faces, with a look grown old in longing, do not feel offended. He is a harmless lunatic, and the simple burden of his madness, the melancholy burden of his murmuring as he pursues his fruitless quest is "a bit of string" and nothing more.

HOW TO MAKE A NEW FACE.

WHAT SURGERY CAN DO FOR DEFORMITIES OF THE NOSE, EYES, AND MOUTH.

WHETHER or not a man is born into the world with a homely face, or whether accident causes a facial deformity, there is in these days no reason for his going through life without having almost any defect remedied. Perhaps one may not be changed from a Caliban to an Adonis, but at least science and the inventive genius of man has provided the means of reducing deformities to a minimum.

What seem to be almost miracles are now performed in the operations of plastic and dental surgery. If a man is not satisfied with his nose, if it be too much of a Roman to suit his face, he can have it transformed into a delicate Grecian. Should the eyes be afflicted with a horrible squint, or be almond-shaped, or otherwise unnatural, they can be corrected with a simplicity of operation that almost causes a smile when the method of treatment becomes known. Let it be what it may, a misshapen limb or a hideous face, the result of either a freak of nature or an accident, the means of straightening the one and of beautifying the other are at hand.

As regards the face, the hair-lip is the most common defect. This trouble is due to the failure of union between the margins of the maxillary and the front nasal bone. It not only causes a total disfigurement of the face, but it makes speaking an unpleasant matter, both for the speaker and the hearer. The defect is ordinarily seen in the upper lip, and is often double, the lip on both sides of the centre being painfully drawn up. Bad as it looks and inconvenient as it is, the remedy is as simple as can be imagined.

It merely consists of a triangular incision made under the nostril. A silk ligature is then put through the incision and drawn downwards. This inverts the flap and brings together the opposing surfaces, which may at once be secured with sutures. A slight projection is left on the border of the lip, but it soon disappears.

The operation for the double hair-lip is practically the same, simply entailing a little more work for the knife. The hair-lip deformity is seldom found on the lower lip, and when it is it extends down on the chin, practically

dividing it. This, however, can be remedied as easily as the other.

Next to the hair-lip in the line of frequency comes the absence or the deformity of the nose as a congenital defect. In the making of the nasal organ plastic surgery has achieved wonders. The bow in a Roman nose, for instance, can be effectually reduced.

This operation is performed entirely from the inside. The instrument is introduced into the nostril and the bone cut away, great care being taken not to fracture the skin. The surplus cuticle readily contracts, and, accommodating itself to the reduced space it is required to cover, the bridge of the nose is left entirely smooth on the surface, while a straight and comely organ has been produced.

The same operation can be performed on a pug or turned-up nose. This work is also done from the inside. Enough of the cartilage on the tip is taken away to reduce the excessive protuberance, and the same result as in the case of the bow is attained.

But the making of a new nose to take the place of the missing one is a different matter. It is easy to form these organs in any shape or size desired out of celluloid or aluminium, or even pasteboard, and have them fastened by adhesion or held on by spectacles; but they are not good noses. The owner cannot blow them, and if some one should, in a moment of excessive hilarity tweak one, it would be likely to come off.

Surgeons, however, now make noses that perform all the functions of the natural organs. After the solid portion is completed, it is, of course, necessary to have it covered with cuticle. This is done in various ways. The most ordinary manner is to cut a triangle of skin from the forehead, and bring it down over the false bridge. The edges are inserted in slits made on each side, when, in the course of time, being alive, and retaining vitality from the natural circulation of the blood, the piece grows fast, and a perfect nose is the result.

This is called the Indian method of treatment, but, although it leaves a scar on the forehead, it is not so painful as the Italian method. In this latter, the skin is grafted from the arm, but in order to preserve the circulation, that member is bent up with the forearm on the top of the head, and securely bound there, and kept in that position until the parts have grown together. This operation is very painful, and is not frequently used.

The nose is a queer organ at the best of times, and has a way of getting into constant trouble. Some strange stories are told about noses. A learned doctor, in a book on plastic surgery, tells of a man who had his nose bitten off in a fight, and was at once taken to a hospital. He was told there that if he would go back to the scene of the fight and find his nose it could be put on and would be as good as ever. The man did go, and he was just in time, too. As he reached the spot a dog had seized upon the nose as a choice morsel, and was making off with it. The owner finally secured it, and the surgeons were as good as their word. Although several hours had passed, the nose was replaced and the man experienced no difficulty or inconvenience from his accident.

We come next to squints of the eyes. This is a distressing deformity, a very common one, and withal one that can be easily and safely remedied. The movements of the eyes are controlled by four muscles. One of these muscles may be too weak or too strong, and must be set to rights. The operation is simple. The patient need not be laid up for a day, and there is not the slightest danger to the sight in its performance. The straightening of a pair of almond-shaped eyes is not quite so easy, but it can readily be done. In this case an oval portion of the skin is cut off the nose directly between the eyes. The spot is then covered by drawing the edges together, which has the effect of pulling the eyes down into their proper position.

While the field for the dentist is not so extended as with the general surgeon, the progress made in his profession is equally pronounced and has brought as much joy to humanity as has the former. Changes in the human face have been wrought by the dental surgeon that seem almost beyond belief, and when to-day a person is seen in society with any deformity of the teeth it is safe to say that the parents were either indifferent to the matter or were unable to have the proper care taken in time, or perhaps were ignorant of the possibilities science offers.

So also may it be said of any other deformity. There are but few that cannot be remedied or perhaps actually removed altogether.

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Why can't you stay at home this wet evening, George? Your employer can get along without you."

George: "I know it, but I don't want him to find it out."

THERE are certain compensations in having a not unusual name. *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown* is now being given at the Standard Theatre in New York as well as in London, and the manager invited all the Browns he could find in a certain social directory to witness the play one night. They came by the hundreds. It is terrible to think what the result might have been if, between the acts some one had audibly suggested: "Brown, come out and have something."

WHERE THE APOSTLES ARE
BURIED.

ALL that now remains of the apostles of Christ are in the following places: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, viz., St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James the Lesser, St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthias, and St. Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples: St. Matthew at Salerno, St. Andrew at Amalfi, and St. Thomas at Ortona. One, St. James the Greater, was buried in Spain at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute.

St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. St. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; so, too, are St. Simon and St. Jude. St. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles, St. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of St. Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN
WAR.

ONE day the Russians sent a message to the English what time a flag of truce was flying. "Your 58-pounder gun," said the bearer, "which your people call Jenny, is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good. We should like to have a fair duel with her."

The challenge was accepted, and everything arranged for twelve o'clock next day. When the time arrived all the batteries ceased firing, and the two armies looked on.

"Our sailors' gun detachment," says Sir Daniel Lyons, "mounted on the parapet and took off their hats, saluting the Russians. The Russians returned the compliment. The English gun was given the first shot as the senior gun. It struck the side of the embrasure. Then they fired—a very good shot, too."

"The third shot from Jenny went clean through the Russian embrasure, and up went two gabions. The bluejackets jumped up on their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponent. Not a bit! A minute afterwards down went the gabions and out came the Russian gun again."

"Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good ones. Jenny got a nasty thump, but it did her no harm. At length, I think after the seventh shot from our side, we saw the Russian gun clean knocked over."

"Our fellows cheered vociferously, and the Russians mounted the parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of their defeat. All the batteries then opened again. Thus ended the great duel."

A MAGICIAN'S HOME.

WHEN Edison's agent in London first began to exploit the electric motor and the incandescent lamp, I found his house a few miles out of town quite fairy-like in its utilisation of the new power. Among his wonders were movable footlights for a little theatre, dark rooms that blazed with illumination the moment you opened a door, stables lighted with electric lamps, an electric brush for grooming the horses, and a similar arrangement for carpets and window cleaning.

My host promised me that on my next visit he would have a tricycle for me with an electric motor. Soon afterwards a boat navigated the Thames under these conditions. All this seemed very remarkable a year or two ago; but the Edison agency in London pales its ineffectual fires before the wonders of the Hermann Villa at Whitestone, Long Island, U.S.A. It requires a man of strong nerve to visit the professional magician's home. A reporter recently tried it. When he knocked at the door a grim automatic dwarf opened to him and held a tray for his card. The visitor having deposited his pasteboard, the dwarf glided along the hall and disappeared, to return almost immediately with a note from Hermann, bidding the visitor to the drawing-room.

"What will you drink?" asked the professor, entering immediately after the automaton had shown the reporter into the room.

"Brandy and soda," said the visitor, with no doubt something of a British swagger, for "B and S" betokens the American who knows his Briton. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the drink appeared to take their place. The liquor came through the floor upon a wicker table.

The reporter being struck with a lovely landscape painting stepped towards it, when it was transformed into a figure of Venus. Looking into a Japanese mirror he saw himself attired in Oriental costume.

Doors opened automatically, flowers were changed to birds, everything that seemed real was the opposite, and the most substantial looking things vanished under inspection.

FAMILY FAVORITES

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have achieved the proud distinction of being what may be called a National Medicine. This has mainly been brought about by the British Householder—that clear-headed and deliberate individual whose judgment must be the ultimate foundation of all enduring reputation. Beecham's Pills have very literally found their way to his heart through his stomach, and he has undoubtedly raised them to the high position of a Family Favorite. This almost affectionate reliance on Beecham's Pills has been the steady growth of more than fifty years; during which time wives and mothers, husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, in tens of thousands of happy homes, have renewed their vigour, avoided serious illness, and maintained perennial health and spirits by no other means than Beecham's Pills:—the sale of which at present exceeds

Six Million Boxes per Annum.



Beecham's Cough Pills

Another Family Favorite is Beecham's Cough Pills, which, for Asthma, Bronchitis, Weakness of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, and similar Chest Ailments, have gained, during a long series of years, the complete confidence of the Home Circle. They are as absolutely safe for man, woman, or child, as they are benign and curative in their action. There is no better tonic in the world for the respiratory organs than Beecham's Cough Pills; and sufferers yet unacquainted with their merits may verify the fact by one trial.

BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE

Yet one more Family Favorite is Beecham's Tooth Paste, which has established its claim to be a really faultless dentifrice. It is efficacious, economical, ensures the brilliant whiteness and lustre of the teeth, perfumes the breath, removes tartar and prevents decay. It is composed of the best known ingredients for neutralising the acids of the mouth, and has refreshing and agreeable properties peculiarly its own.

Beecham's Tooth Paste is put up in collapsible tubes, perfectly air-tight, and so adjustable that no waste need occur; the packages are pretty for the toilet table, and most convenient for the travelling bag. Of all Druggists, or post free from the Proprietor for One Shilling.

